

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CHRONICLE.

The Holidays.

AT the end of last week the English world had not recovered from the most "old-fashioned" Christmas of recent years, and the newspapers were still filled rather with matter which had been obviously manufactured or reserved for the occasion than with such as had spontaneously presented itself. The great BOOTH fight was, however, a godsend, and it may be noted with some satisfaction that the vast majority of sensible men appear to be coming round (a little late, and after much money which might have been better spent has been wasted) to the point which some persons—not, perhaps, more sensible, but more distrustful of the *popularis aura*—held from the first, the point of "Can't you let it alone?" A relaxation of the Dog-muzzling Order for London and other counties, the good news that the Scotch Railway Companies were gradually breaking down what an extraordinarily frank spokesman of the strikers called their attempts to "create disaster," and a few other items of actual importance diversified the pages of the papers. On Monday the news, though still thin, was a little less thin, and it became possible to classify it in our usual fashion.

The most interesting matter in home politics during the earliest part of the week was a controversy telegraphically conducted by Mr. O'BRIEN with the *Times* on the point whether he is a contributor to the *Irish World* or not. In any case, the actual statements of the *Times* appear to have been strictly correct; and if, on the other hand, Mr. O'BRIEN is to be believed (a question on which we express no opinion one way or the other), the case would seem to be one of a practice which we have observed to be common of late among the lower class of Gladstonian journals. This is the practice of reprinting signed letters or other contributions from the newspapers to which they have been actually contributed without any indication of their origin. To read what the *Irish World* itself says about Mr. O'BRIEN is extremely painful. These Irishmen respect nothing, not even those "fools" and "mad" who impress with compassionate reverence the malignant and the turbaned Turk. There has been much chatter, but very little positive information, as to the conference between Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. PARNELL at Boulogne.—On Wednesday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN delivered a lively discourse at Birmingham on the Home Rule collapse—a discourse which, strange to say, has not pleased English Separatists. But they, alas! are very hard to please, as Mr. PARNELL has discovered.—A really good letter has been published from Mr. CHILDERS on the subject of an Eight Hours Bill. But what will Mr. CHILDERS do if his master cracks the whip, as in the brave old days of 1885-6, and bids his pack run the hare in the other direction? We cannot say that the parallel is encouraging; for freedom of labour can hardly be said to be a greater buttress of Liberal principles than the duty of maintaining the Union.

Foreign Affairs.

There was some very sharp fighting in the American Indian districts at the end of last week, but the end was hoped for. Further intelligence threw a by no means agreeable light on this fighting, at least such of it as occurred at a place called Porcupine Creek. The usual charge of treachery is brought against the Indians, and it seems certain that they resisted disarmament; but it is not denied that they were far inferior (one to four) in numbers to the troops, and it is said that the latter massacred women and children in great numbers. After all, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers *chassent de race* in this respect, and remind us of that little history of the Irishwomen at Naseby, where the ancestors of Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES vindicated purity so nobly at the

expense of the leaguer lasses.—Renewed complaints and (which is more lamentable) threats come from Newfoundland. An interested man is, they say, blind, but it is really a little wonderful that the Newfoundlanders cannot see (1) that they cannot fight France alone, (2) that England cannot decently fight France for claiming her undoubted rights, (3) that neither the United States nor any Power on earth can take them over without taking their liabilities with them.—There has been a good deal more talk about the EMIN-WISSMANN quarrel.—In India the CZAREWITCH has been continuing his tour, it is to be hoped, agreeably; and the puerile palaver called the National Congress has talked, and talked, and talked.

Mr. Gladstone's birthday on Monday, at Hawarden, with general good wishes even from those who,

politically speaking, disapprove of him most. For if he has already converted about seventeen-twentieths of the brains of England to Toryism, or something like it, what may he not do if he be spared? The non-political gift of a fountain was, it will be admitted, very ingeniously selected; for there are fountains of all sorts, and almost the only constant quality that they should possess is inexhaustibility.

On Monday a very good letter was published Correspondence, from Mr. FREEMAN on the subject of the

Greek question in the Universities—a letter only marred by some perfectly unnecessary flings at "knocking and kicking balls about." This discussion filled many columns signed by many distinguished names later; but was run hard in that respect by the other on the new American copyright plan, on which hitherto opinion has failed to crystallize itself. The better conclusion would seem to be that no evil can possibly be so great as American spelling.—Professor HUXLEY, unwearied in well-doing, kept up a well-nourished fire, not merely on "General" BOOTH, but on Mr. BEN TILLET, H.S.D., and on Mr. CUNNINGHAM, of Oxford, a biologist who thinks DARWIN an over-rated person, a writer on politics who hails the dawn of the time when "individual liberty" will be sternly repressed, and an economist who believes in Socialism. Mr. HUXLEY was rather merciful to this egregious one, so much so that, knowing his ways, we suspect him of a treacherous intention to draw Mr. CUNNINGHAM again. And, indeed, there was much to be got out of Mr. CUNNINGHAM, for he replied to the effect that he had had to look into a dictionary to find what *epigoné* meant, and apparently the dictionary did not help him very much.—Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK exposed the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES's ignorance of Italian history, a work perhaps of supererogation, for on what subject, unless it be the right way to tickle the Nonconformist conscience, does any man who knows doubt that the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES is ignorant?—On Tuesday morning Professor HUXLEY hung up his boxing-gloves, having administered to those about Mr. BOOTH a most Entellian thrashing.—The same morning saw a very lively letter from Mr. AUBERON HERBERT on the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES (who will not in the least see the fun of it), and one equally lively, though involuntarily so, from Mr. REGINALD BRETT. Mr. BRETT, in remarking that the "bitterest opponent" must admit that the recent conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE was "dictated by motives altogether dissociated from party tactics," has, perhaps, committed a fault which has been said to be unavoidable—the fault of taking his antagonists for fools. "How about that ten days' interval?" some at least of the bitterest opponents will say, softly smiling, to Mr. BRETT. The Head Master of Merchant Taylors on the same day wrote an excellent letter on the Greek question, and the Paddington Vestry Clerk explained that the streets of that which is to London as ADDINGTON was to

PITT are snow-bound merely because twenty three of the parish horses would simultaneously have influenza. Many others have raved over the state of the streets, and the Vestries have philosophically said, "Let them rave"; but it must be owned that there is force in the contention of one advocate of BUMBLE that the multiple of seven maids with seven mops necessary to clear London streets would be considerable, and would reflect itself in the unpleasant documents called rate demand-notes.—On Wednesday morning Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, Dr. ALLON, and others took up the tale about the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES—but really they make him of too much importance, and incur the danger of taking the bloom off that delicate Christian modesty which is the darling virtue of the political minister. Regardless of this, the present Mr. GUINNESS ROGERS expressed on Thursday a desire to know what the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD would have thought of the attempt to compare an adulterer with an agitator. This reference seems to us rather too curious and complicated, and hardly worth while disturbing the repose of the defunct in order to determine it.—Immense quantities of correspondence appeared on all the subjects noted above on Friday morning, but the most noteworthy thing was a kind of calculated fit of hysteria from Cardinal MANNING, in which he observed that he had not had the patience to read Mr. HUXLEY's letters. Not to have the patience to read arguments which upset your position is a disease so common, that really Princes of the Church should try to be above it. They have their own besetting temptations.

New Year Honours. The elevation of Sir EDWARD GUINNESS to the peerage—an elevation which may possibly not in the long run duplicate the honours of the family—ought to be universally approved, for Sir EDWARD, if he has some superiors in wealth, has few in the art of making a good use of it, and enjoys the best possible character both as a man of business and as a politician.—Sir FRANCIS SANDFORD exemplifies the kind of Civil Servant who gets peerages, a kind at least remarkable for ability.—It is magnanimous of Lord SALISBURY to distinguish Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, whose Gadshill unluckily came after his Shrewsbury, as was seen both in his arbitration in the POPE HENNESSY matter and in his later expressions of opinion about Cape policy. But earlier he did good service to England, and good service to England should never go unrewarded.—Sir HENRY RAWLINSON is not only an excellent Englishman, but absolutely first in his own line; and Dr. QUAIN who knows not?—Among those not receiving hereditary honours, Sir WEST RIDGWAY is the most distinguishing for variety and value of public service; but Professors HUMPHRY and BALL, and Mr., now Sir THOMAS, SUTHERLAND, are hardly less eminent each in his own way.

The Scotch Strike. The evidence on the subject of the Scotch strike would need a Welsh County Court judge to interpret it, so hopelessly contradictory are the statements on the two sides. It is not surprising to hear that several ministers of religion have taken the side of the strikers. The unlearned and ignorant man may generally discover where *not* to give his sympathy in these days by observing where the popularity-hunting cleric bestows it. It is enough to say that, even if the men's case were perfect, the reckless disregard of others' comfort—of others' lives, indeed, in their tampering with signals—and of their own duty which they have shown should suffice to make people of sense hope that every man-Jack of them may stay "out" till he begs for mercy. If we imitated their own temper (which God forbid!) we should say till he starves. It was, however, by the time that the week was turning from middle to end certain that the men had come in on one (it is true the least important) of the three molested railways, the Glasgow and South-Western; that another, the Caledonian (the most important), was making more and more headway through its difficulties, and that the North British directors—the persons chiefly attacked—showed no signs of yielding. This was well. And on Thursday, it seems, the Dundee men, who were among the pillars of the North British strike, proposed compromise, though it was rejected by a meeting at Glasgow. To which rejection it may be hoped Dundee will pay no attention. For, really, the secret of this whole matter is so simple that it is astonishing there should be any doubt or quarrel over it. Every man has a right to say for himself, "I will not work at these wages, or for those hours." No man has a right to say to another, "You shall not work for those hours, or at these wages."

Colonel Rich's Report on the Norton Fitz-Miscellaneous. warren accident has been published, the chief practical recommendation being of course the multiplication of refuge sidings.—A fire of unusual magnitude, but fortunately unattended by any loss of life, took place on Tuesday in the City, between Thames Street and Queen Victoria Street.—It was announced on Wednesday morning that an arrangement, requiring of course the sanction of the Argentine Congress, had been come to by the Committee of Bankers which has been sitting on the finance of the River Plate.—On the same day the Archbishop of YORK (to whose personal amiability a strong tribute has been paid by "One who Knows," correcting an impression which was certainly current) was buried at Bishophorpe.—A well-deserved address was presented to Mr. LIDDERDALE, the Governor of the Bank of England, whose judgment saved the situation at the recent crisis, by the Stock Exchange on Thursday; and on that day Dr. WARRE issued a letter (which appeared next morning) asking for contributions to a sort of Eton Exhibition, to be held in commemoration of the ninth jubilee of the School.—An inquest was held on Friday on a foolish fellow who chose to wrestle with a bear. Providence does not seem to have helped the bear unduly, and the bear himself behaved very well; but the foolish fellow died.

Dr. SCHLIEMANN's death puts an end to a remarkable and interesting life.—Mr. WILLIAM JOHN was a naval architect of the first eminence.—The death of Mr. THOMAS RICHARDSON, which occurred on Monday, creates a vacancy in the representation of Hartlepool. Mr. RICHARDSON belonged to the true Liberal party; but his personal popularity in his constituency was so great that neither Tory nor Gladstonian had the slightest chance against him, and so the two last elections gave hardly any guide for the future. On no recent occasion has it been so important to choose the right candidate, and the Unionist party is, as usual in such cases, under the disadvantage that its opponents are ready with one, and it is not. The "under-study" system may be difficult to apply in politics, but it will have to be managed.—Of the loss which French literature has sustained by the death of M. OCTAVE FEUILLET we speak elsewhere.—Lady DE ROS, who died on Tuesday at the extraordinary age of ninety-five, had been recently the subject of some public interest, because of the discussion about the locality of the Waterloo Ball, at which she danced.—Mr. COLERIDGE KENNARD had done good work for the Conservative cause at Salisbury.—Mr. FRANCIS HITCHMAN was an industrious journalist and political biographer.

A SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS.

THE official Clerk of the Weather has had plenty to do this week. But it needs no expert to tell one that in London, at all events, the weather is indescribably abominable. At Torquay the sun, we are told, shines with almost inconvenient brilliancy and pertinacity. From Wick, which seems to be struggling with Peebles for the precedence wrestled by Peebles from Paris, a veracious resident assures the public that strawberries are ripening with alarming rapidity in the open air. At Syracuse, where Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER read HERODOTUS for a guide, mildness is understood to prevail, and at Denver, Col., you never suspect that the thermometer is below zero, feeling your clothes rather an encumbrance than otherwise. Lisbon has happily for herself been warmed by African politics, and man is still the vilest thing at Monte Carlo. But London is a city of dreadful night, in which the late Mr. JAMES THOMSON ought to be alive and roaming. Lord DUNDREARY, or one of his innumerable imitators, asked what people talked about when there was no weather. In London they have to find other topics for a different reason. The weather is too serious a subject. A joke upon it might subject the perpetrator to the fate of PHRYNICHUS, whose dramatic instinct was unduly attracted by the fall of Miletus. The daily forecast is as varied as the diet of ELIJAH. Fog, frost, ice, and snow are succeeded by snow, ice, frost, and fog, nor does the wild north-easter which slew its own bard neglect to visit us with its genial blasts. What comfort is the thought that Vienna is as bad and Bucharest worse! There are times when even the misfortunes of others are an inadequate alleviation for one's own. No doubt, as the pious old lady observed, we ought to be

thankful that we have any weather at all. But it may be permissible to hint that too much even of a good thing palls upon the taste. The winter of our discontent came upon us without warning. Indeed, all the signs were the other way. In the first place, the summer was wet and cold, so that a claim for clemency was established at the outset. In the second place, the autumn was unusually fine and warm, so that there were hopes of better things. It is quite too painful now to think of last September, when it was a pleasure to sit out of doors at any hour of the day or night. October (with one "cold snap") was almost equally delightful, and even November came in like a lamb. Then something went wrong. Whether it was the meeting of Parliament, or the O'SHEA case, or the Irish Bishops, or the English Nonconformists, or a strike in the sun, or a rebellion in the Gulf Stream, the wrath of the elements was unloosed, and they spoke plain. Ever since that ominous epoch Londoners have sat and heard each other moan. They never see the sun. They have not always been able to see their own front doors. They stand, or rather fail to stand, like the wicked in slippery places. The guests at a dinner-party congratulate each other like the survivors of a battle. The haughtiest millionaire is not ashamed to patronize the omnibus, or the underground railway.

It is said, by those who are careful in such matters, that the present winter has already surpassed all its predecessors since the memorable year 1814, when the frost did not begin till January, but lasted till the 4th of February. Every one, except those eccentrically conventional persons who like pain and discomfort because they are seasonable, must hope that the precedent of 1814 will not be repeated. In that year the means of communication were almost entirely stopped, many of the coaches ceased to run, and the Home Secretary addressed a circular to the Lords-Lieutenant of counties, which reads like a sort of dignified protest against "the unusual and continued severity of the present season." Mr. MATTHEWS will scarcely follow the example of Lord SIDMOUTH, for a Lord-Lieutenant has not much to do with the railway system. But Lord SIDMOUTH's sensible suggestion that workmen out of employment should be utilized in clearing the roads might well be adopted and applied to the metropolis. Even if the theory that every householder should sweep the pavement immediately in front of his house were always carried into practical effect, it is hard to follow the reasoning which exposes the passenger to contact with blocks of frozen snow wherever a house happens to be deserted by its occupier, as so many London houses are just now. In 1814 the Severn became solid, and there were twenty inches of ice on the Tyne. The Thames could be crossed without a bridge between Blackfriars and St. Paul's, although "the ice, from its roughness and inequalities, was totally unfit for amusement." Booths, however, were erected upon it, where "the publicans and spirit-dealers were most in the receipt of custom." When the thaw began, "the whole mass gave way, and swept with a tremendous range through the noble arches of Blackfriars Bridge, carrying along with it all within its course, including about forty barges." As yet there has been nothing this winter to compare with the snowstorm of January 1881, when Oxford, among other places, was cut off from the outer world, and so sacrilegious were the atmospheric phenomena that even the Dean of Christ Church was snowed up. It is curious that an almost exact parallel to this mishap, except for the presence of the Dean, occurred in 1814. The Great Western train was within four or five miles from Oxford when its progress was arrested for many hours. In 1814 the Banbury coach got within two miles of the University town, and then stuck. "Two inside passengers, a gentleman and lady, with great difficulty left the coach, and at the hazard of their lives attempted to reach the nearest village, Wolvercot, which, aided by an outside passenger, they accomplished, though nearly exhausted, having several times been up to the chin in snow." One serious symptom of this memorable year, the freezing of the main water-pipes, has already set in again, to the great and general inconvenience.

OCTAVE FEUILLET.

THE death of M. OCTAVE FEUILLET, midway in his seventy-ninth year, deprives France of her last writer, except M. RENAN, who can even by indulgence be put in the very first rank. Some indulgence may be thought to

be necessary even here; but it is only fair to be guided by the actual state of a literature, and it is certain that no third of the present day can vie with these two, either in mastery of a particular branch of letters or in general command of the best form of the language. To read a novel of M. FEUILLET's—say, *La morte* or *Honneur d'artiste*—in recent days, after reading one by any other French writer, with the doubtful exception of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT, was to pass into a different and higher sphere of art altogether. And it is not easy to estimate the terrible *baisse* which has come on French literature itself, better than by remembering that little more than twenty years ago, when M. FEUILLET wrote in almost every respect as well as he did recently, he could never have been named in the first dozen of then living writers, and that even after the deaths of SAINT-EUVE, MÉRIMÉE, and GAUTIER, and putting HUGO out of question, it would still have seemed strange to put him in the first rank.

M. FEUILLET was an expert and charming dramatist—perhaps even more for the study than the stage, but for the stage also, especially in a kind which gained him the not very clever title of "*Le MUSSET des familles*." Of a certain vein of that great writer—that shown best, perhaps, in *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*—he had no small command; but it is as a novelist that he will live. The book by which as such he is probably best known in England, the *Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, only shows him at his best in one respect (two, if its *honnêteté* be counted in), that it is unusually complete and well-knit as a composition. Of his higher, if more irregularly present, qualities it has hardly a trace. For these we must go elsewhere. Despite his asserted apprenticeship to DUMAS, he had no obvious aptitude for the romance of adventure, and his forte lay in combining accurate and artistically-informed pictures of society with something better still—with touches of human, and sometimes even of passionately human, character. In France itself, his apparent estimate of what is technically called "virtue" in woman was thought low; though his novels were by comparison themselves virtuous. And though he came more and more to the side of the angels as he grew old, his very last book, *Honneur d'artiste*, shows this estimate practically unchanged. But his power to attract was independent of it. The fight between love and frivolity in *La petite comtesse* was the first thing of his in point of date which showed distinct mastery, and this was not published till he was nearly forty-five. The attempt (and failure) of the hero of *M. de Camors* to live a life purely hedonist and unconstrained, not merely by morality in the narrower and Hughpricehughesian sense, but in a sense much wider, followed. The tragic passion of *Julia de Tréceur*, the finished picture of the heroine in *Les amours de Philippe*, the punishment and remorse of the only half-guilty husband in *La morte*, are all instances, and not the only ones, of qualities in novel-writing which are really of the first order. On the other hand, in more than one instance (we may select the picture of Second-Empire society in *M. de Camors*, and the perhaps slightly more caricatured, but still forcible, one of *fin-de-siècle* manners in *Honneur d'artiste*), his sketches of external life will remain. In all this there are the certain vital marks—the *differentia* of letters that abide; but it was comparatively rare that M. FEUILLET kept himself at his best for a whole book. For the rest, gossip was not very busy with him, and he gained his place in the Academy thirty years ago very fairly of right—a right which has now, as we have said, become eminent and indisputable. Like almost every man of the first order of intelligence in France, he disliked the Republic; and in religious matters he was a *bien-pensant*, though certainly not a *dévo*t. He has left clever pupils—the chief of whom is M. HENRY RABUSSON—but no one who has given the slightest sign of ever being his equal.

110 WARRIORS, 250 WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

THE telegrams from America do not give a very intelligible picture of the fight with Big Foot's band, but they do give the results of that affair with precision. From Wounded Knee Creek we learn that "it is doubtful whether at nightfall there will be either a buck or a squaw out of all Big Foot's band left." The *Herald* was in receipt of apparently later information, showing that

the loss of the Indians in the action was "110 warriors, and 250 women and children killed." So complete a sweep has been made that "since the fight General Brooks has countermanded his order for a train to carry the prisoners south under guard, as only a remnant of the Big Foot band is left." The remnant, according to another report, consists of a few children. In short, the fight at Porcupine Creek has been a massacre of the ferocious character common in these hideous Indian wars. Their barbarity is traditional and perhaps unavoidable. One feels a certain rising of the gorge at these calm reports of the killing of "bucks and squaws," women and children, as if they were vermin. But, then, to the United States cavalymen vermin is precisely what they are and always have been. So little does it strike even civilians in America that the Red Men are entitled to any measure of the treatment given to enemies in civilized warfare, that the women and children despatched are counted among the heads of game without scruple. If it is a good rule that civilized men should never be provoked by any excesses on the part of barbarian enemies into sinking to their level, the United States soldiers must be condemned, not only for what they have done at Porcupine Creek, but for their habitual conduct in Indian wars. They have never, so far as we know, tortured prisoners, and so cannot be said to have bettered the instruction of the Indians; but in other respects they have followed the examples set them pretty closely. It may be added that the history of New England shows that the white men followed that example from the first without the least hesitation.

From the accounts of the fight we gather that it was caused by a sheer effort of unreasoning despair on the part of Big Foot's band. It cannot have been a sudden outbreak. The Indians were summoned out of their encampment, and came. They sat down in a circle, and parleyed with Colonel FORSYTHE. There was a coming and going of messengers and of searchers for weapons among the tents. For some time the Indians made no sign of a refusal to give up their weapons, though they seemed to be endeavouring, as might have been expected, to conceal them. Then when the soldiers were a little off their guard, they suddenly put their hands into the long grass among which they were squatting, pulled out the rifles which must have been concealed there, and opened fire. After one or two volleys they must have charged, for it is said that they did great execution with their tomahawks and scalping-knives. Captain WALLACE was killed with a club. If this story is an even fragmentary account of what happened, the Indians must have laid an ambush, and a very coolly daring one, and if the odds had not been so heavily against them, it is at least possible that they might have repeated the rather fatal victory their tribe won over CUSTER. The odds, which were nearly five to one, made the case hopeless for the Red Man from the first; but it is not improbable that they knew this. Mr. PROCTOR, the U.S. Secretary for War, "has expressed the opinion that, inasmuch as Big Foot was connected with SITTING BULL's band, the attack was a case of revenge." Mr. PROCTOR is no doubt right, and he might safely add that it was probably a case of despair also. The Indians suspect, with good cause, that they are to be destroyed, and they know they are to be disarmed, which, for a race of warriors, is a form of destruction. It is possible that they were resolved to have one good fight before the end. If they acted on any such magnanimous resolve, we cannot blame them, not even if they were encouraged by crazy hopes of supernatural aid. Neither can we altogether blame the 7th U. S. Cavalry for killing out enemies with whom there is really no lasting peace to be made. Besides, the cavalymen, who belong to the corps which was cut up in CUSTER's battle, had a regimental quarrel to fight out. The fight at Porcupine Creek will, in all probability, lead to other fights. As Big Foot endeavoured to avenge SITTING BULL, others will endeavour to avenge him. Already other young braves are out against Colonel FORSYTHE, and there are kinsmen of Big Foot among the friendlies who have hitherto kept close to the agencies. Tribal honour, and fear of their own fate, will, as likely as not, drive them to something which will be called treachery, and so it will go on till the Red Men disappear altogether.

POLITICAL OLD AGE.

THE 29th of December appears to have acquired among a large portion of the British public—or should we rather say of the civilized world?—a sanctity scarcely inferior to that which attaches to the 25th. It bridges over the chasm between Christmas Day and New Year's Day, making the closing week of the year at once festive and sacred. On Monday Mr. GLADSTONE celebrated his eighty-first birthday amid honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, and also not without some blending of those sentiments which should not accompany old age, and which MACBETH dolefully anticipated for himself. It snowed telegrams from all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the PRINCE OF WALES and Mr. SCHNADHORST, from the Duke of WESTMINSTER and Canon MACCOLL, from Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE and the Rev. GUINNESS ROGERS. If pilgrimages had been permitted to the sacred shrine—but the park lodge-keepers have the strictest instructions to keep devotees at a distance—THOMAS of Canterbury in his most flourishing days would have been nowhere, to say nothing of the advantage Mr. GLADSTONE still has over him, and on which the foolish fat scullion plumed herself. Whatever may be said of Mr. GLADSTONE—and it would be vain for us to attempt to conceal the fact that there are persons whose regard for him stops short on this side of idolatry—it cannot be denied that he is a singularly interesting person. Mere longevity is a neutral phenomenon, the indefinite production of a point into attenuated length, a multiplication of positions without magnitude. Mr. GLADSTONE's life has been crowded with varied energy; his activity has been incessant, and has devoted itself to almost every subject of speculation and action in turn. Nobody can deny that he has lived while he lived, nor that he is as much alive now as he ever was, and as capable of serving or dis-serving his country.

Nearly half a century ago, Mr. DISRAELI, then advancing towards middle age, declared, something in the manner of FALSTAFF, that "we youth" must save the country, if it was to be saved. His two main contentions—that all great things had been done by the young, and that most great things had been done by the Jews—suggested that Young England was but a disguise in which Young Judah veiled itself. The proposition that all great things had been done by the young was proved on the method of simple enumeration, by showing that some young men have done some great things, as the eminent judge cited in MACAULAY's essay proved that the practice of bearing three names was the cause of Jacobinism. Now the doctrine seems to be that young men are incapable of doing anything, and that they must be carefully kept and hidden away somewhere until they are old, when they may be produced and set to work. The difference of judgment may probably be explained by the fact that youth and age are not a question merely of years. There are some men who begin by being old, and remain so all their lives; there are others who are young from the first to the last. There are yet others who confound the times of life. Some are always middle-aged, neither starting with the fire of the opening years of manhood nor attaining to the sober wisdom of its closing term. There is yet another class who begin by being old and end by being young; who are grave, and demure, and self-restrained up to fifty, and who then, as time goes on, become more and more lively and gamesome, until, at seventy or eighty, they enter upon a wild and stormy youth of levity and recklessness, of rash adventure, and of unlicensed speech. There has been something of this almost miraculous *vice versa* in Mr. GLADSTONE's political career; starting with an old head upon young shoulders, he is apparently ending with a young head upon old shoulders. If he continues to grow mentally and morally young with the rapidity which he has shown of late years, he will soon arrive, morally speaking, at the period of round jackets and turn-down collars—of "cat," and of marbles, not to mention yet more infantile costume and sports. If BACON's delineation of the character of youth be correct, who can deny that Mr. GLADSTONE is younger than any of his contemporaries?—"Young men in the conduct and manage of actions embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet, fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees, pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly, care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences, use extreme remedies at first,

"and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse that will neither stop nor turn." To these things BACON adds "a fluent and luxuriant speech which becomes youth well, but not age; so TULLY said of HORTENSIVS, 'Idem manebat, neque idem decebat.'" Surely Mr. GLADSTONE when he sits before a looking-glass must see some such figure as this gazing at him. On the other hand, PITT was as old at twenty-three as he was at forty-six. It was absurd in his opponents to ridicule the spectacle of kingdoms trusted to a schoolboy's care. PITT was never a boy, nor even a young man. Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents do not object to his old age as a disqualification for office. What really alarms them is his headstrong and eager youth, blown by every wind of caprice, and tossed by every wave of impulse.

Putting extreme cases aside, it is noteworthy that the limit of old age has been pushed almost indefinitely on. In the obituary notices which, unfortunately, are likely to be a permanent feature in the newspapers, which not even the New Journalism will be able to abolish, we read of persons over sixty dying "comparatively young," and tears of printer's ink are dropped over their premature graves. SHAKESPEARE speaks of forty winters as digging deep trenches in the brow, and bringing the marks and reality of old age. KENT in *LEAR*, at forty-eight, is spoken of as an ancient and reverend person. The fact is that the strain of life was more terrible in days in which the struggle for political power was often literally a struggle for existence than it is now. Then exclusion from office meant the Tower; now it means a holiday. HENRY VII. died worn out at fifty-two, WOLSEY, when he lamented his deserted and destitute old age, was under sixty. In later days, the early deaths of PITT and, even as we should now reckon, of FOX and CANNING, were due to neglect of the arts of healthful living. Whether the years which are added by sounder systems of regimen, of medicine, and of sanitary conditions to the lives of statesmen are best spent in the active work of statesmanship is a question which will probably be differently answered according to the instance before the mind and its personal prepossessions. To be capable of office and debate is one thing; to be capable of really serving the State is another. It is difficult for self-knowledge to recognize the difference, and interested sycophancy and good-natured complacency will, of course, prefer public injury to the wounding of private vanity.

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SITUATION.

THE armistice of Christmas, arresting for a time the rough warfare of the political platform, allows a hearing to what may be called the disputants of the study. It is true that not all of those successors of the political pamphleteer and letter-writer of the past—the privileged correspondents to whose criticisms upon public affairs the *Times* periodically opens its columns—are particularly worth attending to; and it is, perhaps, true that not any of them are always entitled to such attention. But some of them are, on most occasions, and most of them on some occasions; and this week we have had contributions to the topic of the hour from representatives of both classes—Mr. AUBERON HERBERT of the former, and Mr. REGINALD BRETT of the latter. Mr. HERBERT seldom writes anything on politics which does not deserve study, either on the ground of originality of view or of effectiveness of expression, and if Mr. BRETT's claim to attentive consideration is less frequently made good, he has in this instance, at any rate, succeeded in establishing it. Inasmuch, moreover, as the former critic's letter incidentally supplies a sufficient answer to one at least of the contentions insisted on by the latter, their contributions taken together undoubtedly assist the advancement of the controversy with which they deal. Mr. HERBERT's thesis is a comparatively limited one, and as easy, we may add, as it is limited. It is simply that of proving that the position of those admirably flexible moralists for whom the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES plays spokesman is a happy mixture of the morally odious and the intellectually contemptible. The singularly incalculable operation of that wonderful machine, "the Nonconformist conscience," has already attracted the notice of most of us. But Mr. HERBERT has made a more complete and careful study of its workings than any that we remember to have seen. We had noticed the stupefying contrast between the vigorous activity which it has displayed of late and the

immovable inaction in which it has rested for so many months, and even years, previously. But while we, of course, know, or "partly may compute," what it is that has recently overcome its inertia, we know not, or rather we are not steadily conscious of, "what's resisted" by it. Mr. HERBERT's letter will be useful for reference as containing a probably exhaustive list of the acts—from the murder of girls in their beds to the mutilation of cattle in their sheds, and from the spoliation of landlords by the Plan of Campaign to the ruin of tenants by boycotting—upon which this extraordinary moral-condemnation-machine cannot from some strange peculiarity in its construction be brought to bear.

However, we may safely leave Mr. HUGHES and the ring that surrounds his tub to one who is so well able to give a good account of them, and pass on—with apologies to Mr. BRETT for this apparent treatment of him as a cognate subject—to the letter which he himself has written on "The Result of the Irish Crisis." No one of any discrimination would for a moment think of charging Mr. BRETT with the reverend Keeper of the Nonconformist conscience. He is candid, to begin with, which sets a gulf between the two men at once. He has admitted what it is gall and wormwood to the Gladstonian to admit, that Mr. PARNELL's recent self-exposure has thoroughly justified that estimate of him which sensible Unionists always entertained at the time of the "facsimile letter" controversy, though a certain priggish member of their body proclaimed its entertainment "a disgrace to human nature"; and he has put the matter with no less truth than frankness in avowing his belief that, "but for the awkward confession of the unfortunate PIGOTT," the great majority of his party, "including at least fifty-five of Mr. PARNELL's late colleagues, would be maintaining an unshakable belief that those documents were written by the late leader of the Irish party." Nevertheless, Mr. BRETT, as his argument soon proceeds to reveal, is not alive to the full implication of his own admissions. He perceives clearly and confesses honestly that the question of character is important; or, at any rate, that his party are estopped from maintaining, as he himself would personally maintain, the contrary, and that that question has been determined disastrously for his party by recent events. Yet he evidently fails to perceive how important it is. He quite obviously thinks that, though the Gladstonians might lose, and perhaps even deservedly lose, the next election, by reason of their having staked their credit on the political trustworthiness of certain Irish politicians who have since proved themselves to be untrustworthy, they have not thereby brought destruction on the Irish policy which they had founded on that rotten basis. He would appear to hold that the untrustworthiness of Irish representatives no more affects the essential virtues of the Home Rule nostrum than, according to the Anglican formulary, the unworthiness of the minister detracts from the efficacy of a sacrament. But, if the character of the minister counts for nothing, the mind of the recipient is everything, and Mr. BRETT has missed the most vital element in the recent exposure if he has failed to see that the most damning feature of it is its revelation of the temper, not merely of the Irish party, but of the Irish people. Mr. BRETT forgets that, if Englishmen have found out that they can put no faith in Mr. PARNELL, a large number, if not a clear majority, of his countrymen are convinced that he is more worthy of their confidence than ever. And what is more, they have been convinced of this by the very same facts and considerations which have convinced Englishmen of the contrary; while even the group of Irish politicians who denounce Mr. PARNELL as unworthy of the national confidence are most careful not to found their denunciations on that part of his conduct which has lost him the confidence of the English Separatists. The plain inference from this is, that it is not merely Nationalist Irish representatives who are unfit to be entrusted with the administration of a Home Rule system, but Nationalist Ireland which is unfit to receive the concession of it. For no sooner have the representatives shown themselves to be men who would inevitably abuse that concession, to the danger of the Empire, than the electorate on their part proceed to show that it was on that very ground that they elected and continue to support them.

As to Mr. BRETT's four reasons for contending, in opposition to Professor DICEY, that "Home Rule will survive the hour of trial," they are, with the exception of the fourth, which is simply Mr. MORLEY's argument from

despair over again, a mere series of propositions which alternately prove nothing or too much. The principle of Home Rule will, he maintains, "outlive the frailties of its supporters"—it being the "principle" that any community, "whether great or small, however unfit and ignorant" the individuals composing it, when, by long-sustained "effort, it has shown itself to be a community, is able with "greater common advantage to transact its domestic affairs "than they can be transacted for it by others." To which we have only to reply that no such principle thus sweepingly stated has ever been accepted by any society of reasonable beings, or could ever be applied in any consistent fashion without reducing that society to its primitive elements. Of course, if "transacting its own domestic affairs" means nothing more than "electing a vestry," Mr. BRETT's proposition proves nothing that is not accepted already. But, if it means anything more than this, it proves enormously too much for his purpose. For, if no community is so "small" or its members so "unfit and "ignorant" but that its domestic affairs would be more advantageously transacted by itself than by others, then not only has Ireland as good a right to a Parliament of its own as the United Kingdom, but Little Peddlington has as good a right to a Parliament of its own as Ireland.

Mr. BRETT's reason (2) for believing in the continued vitality of Home Rule is that the recent imbroglio has shown that "the only form of Home Rule which would be tolerated by Great Britain is that which would maintain intact "and inviolate the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament"; and he goes on to argue that "this leaves the "policy of Home Rule within the limits of ordinary constitutional reform"—a ground upon which the Liberal party can fight. Yes; if it leaves that policy in existence at all. But does it? That is the question. Events which, even by Mr. BRETT's admission, have convinced advanced Home Rulers that no form of Home Rule can be tolerated which does not maintain the supreme authority of Parliament, may have, and in our opinion have actually, satisfied a very large number of moderate Home Rulers that even the delegation of Parliamentary powers, with the supreme authority in reserve, would be an experiment too dangerous to be prudently tried.

Another of Mr. BRETT's reasons—No. 4, to wit—may, as we have already said, be dismissed as only an unimportant variant upon Mr. MORLEY's well-known argument from despair; and there remains, therefore, only Reason Third, which reads very curiously by the side of Reason the First. It is to the effect that we need not fear to entrust the Irish "community" with the management of those "domestic affairs" which it can transact for itself "with greater "common advantage than they can be transacted for "it by others," because the transaction of them will be attended by "an inevitable struggle for power "between contending personalities and ever-changing "factions among the Catholic majority." Surely this is the strangest of reasons ever adduced for granting self-government to a people. We pass over the fact proverbially familiar in the experience of third parties to matrimonial quarrels, that the contending Catholic factions might find no difficulty in co-operating to oppress and harass the Protestant minority. It is sufficient to remind ourselves from recollections of North Kilkenny of the form which the "inevitable "struggle" is likely to take. It will hardly conciliate objections to Home Rule to be told by Mr. BRETT that the Protestant third may expect to become master of the situation because the two Catholic thirds will be perpetually occupied in breaking each other's heads.

THE SCOTCH STRIKE.

THE strike of the Scotch railway servants seems to have been managed all through, on their part, by that stamp of person which Scotland is proverbially supposed to keep at home. No other kind of manager could have counselled the strikers to take the attitude of "thorough" they took, and then to commit themselves to the policy of no surrender when the fight began to go against them. Thorough and no surrender are both good policies when there is a chance of winning, or when surrender is worse than extinction. When these conditions are wanting, they are apt to be proofs of heat of head and foolish obstinacy. Now, hot-headedness and stiff-neckedness have been very conspicuous in the managers of the Scotch strike. The men plunged into a no-quarter struggle on a very hasty

calculation, and now they are standing out when it has become, or is at least very fast becoming, a matter of indifference to the Companies whether they yield or not. What ought to be the most bitter matter of reflection to them is that they have put the whole body of railway servants in a worse position than they held before. Nobody has denied, as far as we have seen, that, of the three Companies attacked, one had treated its hands in a manner which was by no means above criticism, and that the other two had been occasionally selfish. As the managers of the strike, however, decided to make the same attack on all three; as they made it, moreover, with a most audacious disregard of legal obligations and of the interests of third persons, they have contrived to put their employers wholly in the right. They have not been able to crush their employers, who have, therefore, not only won, but won with the sympathy of the community on which the strikers calculated. Worse management was never seen.

The defeat of the strikers would be a matter for sincere gratification. The Companies have not been blameless certainly. Mere enlightened self-interest is enough to make all who travel by railway sympathize with the demand of the men for reasonable hours of work. But there are more frequent, if not more serious, risks than any run by one's life and limbs from the failures of overworked signalmen. One of these is the risk that the whole business of life may be upset at any moment by the violence of particular bodies of workmen if they are once well persuaded that they may safely indulge their temper. The Scotch strikers have shown that they can do wider damage than any railway accident. The whole community has every reason to be satisfied that they have not been able to do it with impunity. If they had succeeded, it is extremely probable that the whole Scotch railway system would have suffered for a year or two from the kind of disorder which almost ruined the Thames as a harbour. They have (it would seem) been beaten, or are like to be, and in future will be more careful before they exert the supposed right of workmen to dictate their own terms. Their use of violence and their abuse of the privilege of picketing (which if practised by any other class of the community would go near to be called conspiracy) need not be specially mentioned for condemnation. They are at all times the most damnable features of strikes. For the rest, brutality of this kind has been dealt with in Scotland in a fashion which may be held up for imitation in the South. Perhaps that is because the Scotch have had the wisdom to provide themselves with Procurators Fiscal; perhaps it is because, though they can be very sentimental when they choose, they are not sentimental easily or often. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that strikers who attempted to rival those actions of the Dockers which were encouraged here by the sympathy of Cardinals and members of Parliament have had a short shrift North of the Border. The fight has not been crossed. The employers have been left free to find new hands, and have had no difficulty in finding them. They have not been hampered in the exercise of their legal rights, and have therefore been able to punish the men who broke contract with them. They have consequently brought many of the rebels to reason. The result is that work is being resumed on the Scotch lines in defiance of the strikers, and without any concession to the Unions, which is very much for the interest of the community, including all the workmen who do not belong to these close clubs.

DR. SCHLIEMANN.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S death will be widely and deeply regretted. He was the most original, striking, and popular person among archaeologists. The antiquary is usually far from being a picturesque or romantic figure; but Dr. SCHLIEMANN was as unlike Dr. DRYSDALE as two men could possibly be. He was all energy and enthusiasm, making up by his possession of those qualities and by his extraordinary instinct for what was lacking in his scholarship. A profound, or minute, or elegant scholar, of course, he was not. His early education gave him no opportunities, none of the chances which many of us enjoy and neglect. He was, to parody the familiar saying about SPINOZA, "a HOMER-intoxicated man." He had loved from boyhood the first and greatest of all poets; he had worked to amass wealth that he might illustrate and defend HOMER, and the old gods were kind to him. It was as if his eyes had been

anointed with the fabled unguent which enables men to see buried treasures, however deeply hidden. No sooner was he free from business and independent than he set about excavating in Ithaca, the home of the hero of the Odyssey. Here his researches were not particularly well rewarded. He did not find the bow of EURYTUS, nor PENELOPE'S chair of cedar-wood and ivory. Undiscouraged, he set about digging at Hissarlik, in the Troad, one of the two most probable sites of Homeric Ilios. We all remember his wonderful success. A more practised excavator might have been more fortunate, perhaps, in discriminating between the different strata of cities piled one upon another, from the Græco-Roman tower at the top to the almost savage potsherds at the bottom. But Dr. SCHLIEMANN did the great thing; he discovered the towns; he discovered the queer and rather trumpery treasure of pale gold in which he recognized the wealth of PRIAM. Many of his conclusions were hasty and arbitrary. He saw owl-headed images of ATHENE where really nothing was to be seen but ill-made barbaric female dolls. The lack of design in these objects was parallel to that displayed in the very singular wall-paintings of caves in Australia, published by Sir GEORGE GREY. Owls had probably nothing to do with the case. Dr. SCHLIEMANN'S other identifications—for example, of the Scean Gate and the Palace of PRIAM—were certainly capable of being disputed. But he had unearthed, as we may say, a new and hitherto unknown stratum in the antiquities of the Levant. Whether the relics which he found were those of the prehistoric city whose fall is the traditional basis of the Tale of Troy is a question about which we may reserve our opinion.

Dr. SCHLIEMANN'S later and still more brilliant and original successes have always appeared to us rather unfavourable to his Trojan hypothesis. He began to dig at Mycenæ, one of the most mysterious and romantic places in the world, where the Cyclopean architecture of the walls, the so-called treasure-house of ATREUS, and the Lion Gate, all prove the existence of a strong prehistoric power. But, if Mycenæ were so great and strong, why did it need all the power of Achaia to overthrow the little village of Ilios? To match Mycenæ, Troy should have been at least as great and magnificent in ruin as Tiryns, but it proved to be nothing of the sort.

At Mycenæ Dr. SCHLIEMANN was guided by his own peculiar reading of a passage in PAUSANIAS. He believed that the tombs of AGAMEMNON and his company were described as being within the market-place. And there, to be sure, he found, if not the grave of AGAMEMNON, at least royal sepulchres, rich in great store of gold and other treasures. Instantly a war of antiquarians raged about the hoard. People were ready to recognize in the treasure anything but prehistoric, or even pre-Homeric, wealth. The ornaments were said to be Celtic, or the spoil of ATTILA, or the Mycenaean share of the loot of Persia. Every kind of hypothesis was tried; but only Dr. SCHLIEMANN'S fitted the case. The bronze blades of the poignards, when the patina was removed, were found to be beautifully chased in various coloured gold, such as HOMER describes, with scenes of war and the chase. The art was clearly inspired by Egyptian reminiscences; here were men hunting wild ducks, for example, in a papyrus marsh; here were pictures of such huge shields as HOMER attributes to his heroes. The figures, on the other hand, were far more free in execution than those of the oldest known archaic Greek art. In brief, new materials and a new problem were offered to archaeology, and the evidence of tradition was once more proved to be more trustworthy than any one had expected. These discoveries were among the chief achievements of Dr. SCHLIEMANN. He set to rich men an example of artistic and scientific liberality and energy; to artists and poets he set an example of faith in HOMER. His life was a life of double work, and he deserves all the many honours which were not grudgingly bestowed upon him. His services to archaeology are inestimable, and not one of HOMER'S lovers since ARISTARCHUS has done more to interest the world in the poet of the Iliad and Odyssey. As a less famous Frenchman said of himself, Dr. SCHLIEMANN will enter immortality on the shoulders of HOMER.

SCIENTIFIC SHIPS AND GUNS.

IT happens, no doubt, as a set-off to the exhilarating character of the weather lately, and the pleasures of the season, that we have been informed of a few facts which illustrate cruelly the value of the guns and ships for which

we now pay such vast sums. Some of these facts come from abroad, some are of native origin. From motives of politeness, we will take the foreigners first. Here, then, are two stories which are French. The first gives the history of the *Requin*, a French iron-clad battle-ship. She is not exactly new, and she was built by private contract. At the close of the late French naval manœuvres she was found to be leaking, and was accordingly brought into dry dock to be examined. A little inquiry soon proved that she had been scamped as badly as ever was merchant steamer built for a small ship Company. The plates were bad, and badly put together. The bolts were not infrequently mere "devils" constructed of putty and paint. In short, the *Requin* is a jerry-built ship, and must now be refitted from stem to stern. Such are the productions of modern industry when working by contract—and so trifling, we may add, is the value of Government inspection. We do not know that the qualifying words "in France" need be added in either case. Very much the same tale has had to be told here. Such dishonesty, too, is not altogether modern; but then in former times single ships did not swallow up so immense a proportion of the national wealth, neither were they so difficult to repair. The heroine of the second French story is the *Marceau*, a quite new armoured battle-ship. All attempts to mount the *Marceau*'s guns on the carriages provided for them without causing instant smash have proved unsuccessful, except in one case, and that gun tumbled off the first time it was fired. It has been put back, but on consideration the authorities have imitated the judicious unwillingness of DON QUIXOTE to test his helmet twice. They have concluded not to fire it again till they see. Further, the steering gear has refused to work from the beginning, and has had to be taken out and sent back to the manufacturer in Paris. The *Marceau* will accordingly not be commissioned for some time. The misfortunes of our neighbours with this vessel may perhaps console our own croakers for a time. Breakdown happens to others as well as to us. Of course that does not excuse our bunglers, but then it does show how unnecessary it is for the croaker to complain that we alone fail—or to take it for granted, as he does.

But we say again, the bungles of other nations do not excuse ours; and, if fifty *Marceaus* had failed fifty times each, we should be not a whit the less ashamed of the condition of H.M.S. *Sans Pareil*. This vessel—a warship of the first class—had been under orders to proceed to sea from Chatham to try her 110-ton guns. Just before Christmas the order was countermanded, for the very sufficient reason that these weapons had been found on examination to be in a condition which made it unsafe to fire them. Fleets of *Requins* and *Marceaus* will not make this story the less discreditable to the Admiralty, if only because there is in this case, not merely a discovery of defects of construction, but a quite scandalous persistence in the use of things already proved to demonstration to be utterly bad. Our monster guns have been condemned by argument and experiment from the first. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has himself acknowledged that they are not to be trusted. The Admiralty has decided to build no more of them. Yet it cannot apparently make its mind up to replace those we already have by other lighter and better weapons at once. With an incredible obstinacy in makebelieve, it persists in keeping those it has, though they have been proved to be untrustworthy, as the most important part of the armament of what are supposed to be first-class battle-ships. What good does the Department think it can gain by pertinacity of this kind? It would surely have been infinitely more in its own interest to disarm the *Sans Pareil* and honestly state the reason—namely, the necessity of waiting for a trustworthy armament—than to commission her, as they have done, only to end in a fiasco. It is really time that we ceased to waste trouble and money on these failures, which have already been sufficiently costly.

GREEK.

THE old battle—"to Greek or not to Greek"—has, with the appropriate help of the time when Greek troubles neither schoolmasters nor schoolboys, been fought again with much confused noise in the *Times* of last week, on the text of the late discussion at the Headmasters' Conference. Besides anonymous persons, or persons of less distinction,

Mr. FREEMAN, the Headmasters of Harrow, Merchant Taylors, and Haileybury, Professor CASE, Professor CAMPBELL, Mr. WREN, Dr. PRIDGIN TEALE, and others have taken hands in it. We do not propose here to comment in detail on most of these letters, which would take a great deal of space and be somewhat disgusting reading to those who have not the letters before them. We may, however, observe in this way of comment that Mr. FREEMAN and Dr. TEALE are valuable additions to that remarkable list to which we referred before—the list of men who, having attained such celebrity as they possess by studies other than classical, yet not being ignorant of classics, insist on the value of that study. We shall add that the appeal of Mr. LYTTELTON, whose appearance in this galley fills us with some astonishment, to his adversaries to “keep the literary and the gymnastic merits of Greek apart,” strikes us as though the spear and the battle-axe should say to the sword, “You don’t play fair; keep your cutting and your sticking merits separate”—while his assertion that only a small minority gain more of literary culture from the original than they would from reading translations is inexplicable, unless Mr. LYTTELTON means to hint that the vast majority are not capable of deriving literary benefits at all, in which case his argument glances aside. And we may conclude this part of the matter by observing that “A Public Schoolmaster” who says that “there never was a time in which Greek was less in danger than now,” when art, archaeology, mythology, and the science of language are attracting more and more attention, evidently writes in the most blissful ignorance of the complaint of true lovers of Greek for Greek’s sake, that art, archaeology, mythology, and the science of language have got Greek proper down, and are simply smothering it between them.

Let us cease bandying words with individuals, and come to arguments. And the arguments, as far as we can discern (putting such pleas as that Greek is useless, that there is not time, that the British parent will not have Greek, and so forth, aside), appear to us to be two. “Is it likely,” say some persons in print, and others, whom we regard with the greatest respect, in private, “that the Headmasters of the greatest schools would be all wrong together on this point?” And “Is a passman’s Greek a thing worth dying in the last ditch for?” We gladly pick up both these gloves. With regard to the first, a Headmaster is a great creature, no doubt; but, after all, he is still partly a man, and as such is subject to human weaknesses. That the abolition of compulsory Greek, as it is called, at the Universities would enable him to adjust his time-tables with much greater ease, would save him, and still more his subordinates, an enormous amount of drudgery, would permit him to be all things to all parents, to “move with the times,” to make his school popular, is certain. But there is a much subtler consideration than this—a consideration which, though we do not suppose it was present, consciously, in any one barbarizing Head, may have unconsciously influenced them all. There is, in truth, no danger that the study of Greek will vanish utterly from Eton, or Harrow, or Rugby. On the contrary, the very probable result of Mr. WELLDON’S policy would be that the great schools would soon have the monopoly of it. Their plentiful endowments, their large staff, their vast number of boys, will always permit them to provide for the teaching of it. In the smaller Grammar Schools, when Greek is once merely “facultative” at the Universities, it will soon be impossible to pursue its teaching. A Headmaster here and there may, for the love of the thing, burden himself with extra personal teaching of the one or two boys who want to learn it; but, otherwise, it will become, in such schools, as obsolete as Hebrew is now. Hence, all who want to learn it will go to the public schools: and, as we have said, public schoolmasters are men. As for the “passman” argument, that, too, with all respect, we must hold to be a branch of the levelling-up fallacies which have had an attraction for some powerful minds from the late Rector of Lincoln onwards. Mr. WREN, indeed, and perhaps naturally, thinks Dr. BAKER’S doctrine, of the wholeness of Greek as a compulsory subject that does not directly pay, “paradox run mad.” And yet Mr. WREN himself holds nothing to be so good “to develop, draw out, and strengthen the powers of the mind as Latin and Greek,” and Greek to be better than Latin. That is precisely what we ourselves hold, and what we are sure Dr. BAKER holds. In other words, it is not the “passman’s” amount of attainment but the discipline he has gone through in attaining it that is the point. If for such discipline

there is anything else so good as Greek, some persons who have some tincture of a considerable number of studies do not know what it is; and the same persons do most certainly hold that, for such a purpose, most of the occupations of the modern curriculum are, absolutely or in comparison, valueless.

WHISTLING NO FELONY.

THE song called “Ask a Policeman” may not be a very refined or elegant ditty. It was not written by Mr. LEWIS MORRIS or any of the really great poets of the “Victorian age.” It is also liable to the objection of being rather stale, and the whirling of time ought to have brought it a successor, if only by reviving a predecessor. Still, if the rendering of this popular air in the streets of London is to be made a criminal offence, Parliament must take the necessary steps, and not Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS. That worthy and eminent magistrate has been devoting the versatile powers of his comprehensive mind to the questions whether ALFRED BROOKER, described by a reporter, with unconscious humour, as “a very small, but bright lad,” whistled the air in the presence of Constable 207 G, and whether he did so “impertinently.” The inquiry rose in this way, and the story, though it may seem trivial, is really worth attention. WILLIAM HAYES, a carman, was charged with assaulting the constable already specified. The constable told a plain, though perhaps not altogether unvarnished, tale, in which nothing was said about disagreeable tunes or whistling by small but bright lads. According to the constable, he was hit by a snowball on the head while on duty in Shoreditch, and when he exclaimed “Who did that?” HAYES struck him a heavy blow on the ear with his fist. What could be clearer than that HAYES committed a brutal assault for which he deserved a term of imprisonment? HAYES himself, however, gave a very different account of what occurred, and supported it by the evidence of witnesses. The defence is that BROOKER, who was employed with HAYES at a stable, began whistling the tune aforesaid, when the constable, like those to whom Mr. MICAWBER’S children offered voluntary assistance, ordered him with imprecations to desist. BROOKER, who appears to be a model of juvenile deportment, replied, “I beg your pardon, sir; I didn’t mean it for you.” And, fortunately for this metropolis, there are other constables in it besides 207 G. HAYES then interposed, as the *vir pietate gravis* whose mission is to quell the storm, and added, “I’m sure he didn’t mean it for you, governor.” Then, if the unofficial witnesses are to be believed, there was a scuffle, and the usual crowd came from nowhere, and, instead of HAYES striking the constable, the constable struck HAYES. “Some said the Prince Bishop had run a man through, others said an assassin had killed the Prince Bishop.” A neighbour named EWER also complained of assault and prosecuted the constable, so that there were cross-summonses, and the whole case ought to have been fully heard. EWER took up the narrative from the arrest of HAYES, whom he accompanied to the station with the object of bailing him. There the Inspector told him he could not be a surety because he was a witness, and could not be a witness because he was a liar. This was denied by the Inspector, but corroborated by a master carman called ROSS, who was not HAYES’S employer, and denied that he had any interest in the matter. The Inspector declared that the boy was not on the spot at the time, and had been taught what to say in the passage of the Court. The solicitor who appeared for EWER contradicted this assertion, and mentioned that he had taken the boy’s statement, which was a perfectly straightforward one.

Thus there was a direct conflict of testimony, and the balance was not in favour of the policeman. It is highly improbable that a jury would have found HAYES guilty, and probable that they would have acquitted the policeman as well. Mr. WILLIAMS came to the singular conclusion that there was no case for the constable to answer, and did not even call upon him for an explanation of glaring discrepancies. The charge against HAYES he considered to be proved, and he sent him to gaol for a fortnight with hard labour. “In passing sentences on HAYES, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS,” to quote from the full report in the *Daily News*, “said there was no doubt the boy BROOKER was impertinently whistling ‘the air referred to.’ What on earth had that to do with the guilt of HAYES? But from another point of view the boy’s proceedings were relevant. For it will be observed that Mr.

WILLIAMS assumes BROOKER's presence on the scene of action, whereas, on behalf of the police, it was strenuously denied that he was there at all. "Inspector HANCOCK, G Division," said he had been told that the boy BROOKER, who had "given evidence for HAYES, was not at the stable-yard at 'the time.'" How what Inspector HANCOCK had been told could be admissible even in a police-court we are at a loss to conjecture. But the Inspector's hearsay was certainly mistaken, and its erroneousness casts a good deal of doubt upon the whole theory of the police. What, moreover, becomes of HANCOCK's further allegation that BROOKER had been "taught what to say" in the passage of the Court? This reckless imputation also falls to the ground, and must seriously weaken the evidence of HANCOCK as to what occurred at the station. The magistrate "did not believe" that the constable struck EWER, nor did he believe that "he struck HAYES, because HAYES refused to be examined 'by a surgeon.' But he did believe that HAYES assaulted the 'constable.'" The refusal to be examined, foolish as it was, would have been more important if HAYES had been accused of inflicting grievous bodily harm upon the constable. The whole circumstances are thoroughly unsatisfactory, and the heads of the G Division ought to investigate them more carefully than Mr. WILLIAMS. On the same day when these occurrences were under review at Worship Street, a commercial traveller was brought up at Marylebone for being disorderly and using bad language. The disorder resolved itself into singing, and the bad language was the same unaccountably irritating recommendation to consult the police as to the time of day. The traveller was not imprisoned, or even fined, but only ordered to give security in the nominal sum of two pounds. If the cause of this mild penalty had been making a noise in a public place there would be nothing to say against it. But if the police cannot endure a certain combination of musical or unmusical sounds, they ought, for their own sakes, to keep their susceptibility to themselves.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN WANTS TO KNOW.

THERE is no public man who has such a knack of asking inconvenient questions as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, nor any one who has more reason to deplore his mastery of this instrument than Mr. JOHN MORLEY. The speech delivered the other evening before the Liberal-Unionist Club at West Birmingham by the member for West Birmingham was one of remarkable point and vigour, and it cannot but have been read with interest, and probably with reluctant admiration, by the member for Newcastle. But the part of it which he must have been most interested in, yet have least admired, is the passage which began, "Now, what I 'want to know from Mr. MORLEY is this." For the "this" which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wants to know is, we are bound to say, about as embarrassing a "this" as any one statesman has ever sought information about from another. It is now known, this uncomfortable cross-examiner began by reminding his victim, that no plan of Home Rule will be accepted by either Mr. PARNELL's party or the party which has broken off from him which does not give to an Irish Parliament "entire, absolute control" of the Land question, and the control of the Constabulary "force." And the "this" which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wants to know is whether Mr. MORLEY is prepared to invest the Irish Parliament with the specific legislative jurisdiction, and the specific executive authority, for which the Irish representatives thus stipulate. With regard to the former, proceeds the relentless inquisitor, Mr. MORLEY has "in 'past times, again and again, upon many occasions, explained his views, and has said that he would not consent 'to entrust the Land question to an Irish Parliament; that 'he would not do them the injustice of leaving this difficult 'and complicated question to be settled by them at the 'outset of their career.'" As to the control of the Irish Constabulary, no positive declaration of his opinion is on record; but he was, as a Cabinet Minister, a party to, and as Irish Secretary an active Parliamentary defender of, a Home Rule Bill which expressly withheld this branch of executive authority from the proposed Irish Parliament. He is, therefore, pledged in the latter case by his acts, in the former both by word and act (since he was a party also to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Land Purchase Bill), to refuse the *conditiones sine quibus non* on which both his renounced and his retained Irish allies concurrently insisted. Will he recall that refusal and give to the Irish Parliament the

power to despoil the Irish landlords, and uphold that wrong against English interference with a quasi-military force of 13,000 men? Or will he adhere to the refusal, and force upon the Irish people a Home Rule settlement unanimously rejected by those representatives whose cordial assent to it he has always declared to be an essential condition of its adoption?

A more elegant dilemma than this was never, we venture to think, propounded to an accomplished dialectician; and to observe Mr. MORLEY's efforts to evade it—if, indeed, he should make any such attempt—will be a genuine intellectual treat. On the whole, however, we are disposed to expect that he will recognize evasion to be impracticable, and will make deliberate choice of its latter horn. The more urgent need of the moment is to endeavour to conciliate English opinion, by insisting on the limitations of the Home Rule Bill of 1886; and in that case Mr. MORLEY will no doubt do his utmost to persuade the English Gladstonians that the refusal to accept these limitations is strictly personal to Mr. PARNELL and his thirty "stalwarts," and that the Healyite Home Rulers are either now willing or can hereafter be induced to acquiesce in them. Thereupon it may become necessary to address two further questions to Mr. MORLEY; first, what ground he has for believing that such an acquiescence can even in words be extracted from a body of politicians who at this moment evidently dread nothing so much as the bare suspicion of being supposed willing to accord it; and, secondly, what are Mr. MORLEY's reasons for thinking, and what the argumentative processes by which he hopes to persuade other people, that, if the new Nationalist party can be induced to accept either verbally or in writing the Gladstonian limitations of the Home Rule scheme, their acceptance will be worth any more than the paper on which it is written, or the breath in which it is uttered?

"GENERAL" BOOTH AND HIS CRITICS.

ACCORDING to the latest reports to hand—"official" reports, it must be added—the Salvation Army is as one man, and that one man is "General" BOOTH, on the subject of the big scheme. Mr. FRANK SMITH has resigned, it is true, yet we are assured there are "no dissensions" in the ranks. Such is the opinion of "Colonel" CLIBBORN BOOTH. No one, by the way, had so much as suggested that the rank and file were warring. But that there has been very serious dissensions at headquarters is proved by Mr. SMITH's resignation, and the singular manifesto with which that resignation has been met by Mr. BOOTH. It is easy now to deny, as Mr. CLIBBORN BOOTH does, that the funds of the big scheme go to swell the general budget of the Salvation Army; but it is abundantly clear that this mischievous absorption of the "miserable million" by the general fund of the Army was contemplated. The danger has been averted, apparently, only by the prompt withdrawal of Mr. SMITH from the practical work he has, according to all accounts, directed with success hitherto. "Not only," says Mr. SMITH, "was there a tendency to 'merge the Social Wing in the Salvation Army proper,' 'but direct arrangements were made to do so.'" He felt also that, as the public found the money, something was due to the public. In fact, Mr. SMITH's sense of responsibility was aroused, and he protested against the tendency and the arrangements of serene, self-satisfied irresponsibility. His protests, however, received no response, except the singularly vague acknowledgment, "We have not altered our ideas and plans," and produced no effect while Mr. SMITH remained an officer of the Salvation Army. The moment he was driven to the manly course he adopted, the justice of his protest was admitted by "General" BOOTH. Mr. SMITH's contention that the funds and work of the Darkest England scheme should be entirely separated from the regular Army work is at once accepted by Mr. BOOTH, though whether on grounds of justice or policy we have no means of judging. Mr. SMITH having resigned, Mr. BOOTH practically falls in with his suggestions, and Mr. SMITH is magnanimous enough to express his delight and satisfaction. We cannot say we share his satisfaction, though the result is not unwelcome as a sign that Mr. BOOTH may be amenable to Salvationist counsel, though he affects a sturdy disregard of all criticism. There-

is an element of mystery in the episode which all who think that light, and not darkness, is needed in working out Darkest England schemes must be anxious to be rid of. We are glad, therefore, to learn that Mr. SMITH proposes to deal further with the "official" statements on the subject. As he was acting as head of the social work of the Army, it is certainly due to the public, especially the subscribing philanthropic public, that he should explain the very curious salutary effect which his resignation produced on "General" BOOTH. The sudden conversion of the chief of the Army, in this little matter, is not less remarkable than the costly sacrifice it has involved in the loss of his trusted colleague.

Mr. BOOTH may, of course, have some ground for his apparent belief in mystery as a potent influence with the credulous ignorant; but he must know that the questions put to him by Mr. SMITH belong to the same category as Professor HUXLEY's cogent queries. They indicate pretty plainly the necessity for some guarantee that the money subscribed by the public should be rightly applied and soundly invested. They show a natural feeling of responsibility in Mr. SMITH, and a determination not to shirk responsibility. The voice of reason, in Mr. SMITH, has been acknowledged, though in an oddly ungracious manner, by Mr. BOOTH; yet Mr. BOOTH continues to turn a deaf ear to all other voices, critical or warning, and hears only, apparently, the voice of the flatterer. He continues to refer at his meetings, with audacious complacency, to the universal favour his scheme has called forth, as if profuse advertisement and the arts of sensation-mongering were proofs of favour. He ought to know, if he consults his subscription list, that this soothing statement, however frequently repeated, is inconsistent with the regret he expressed at Exeter Hall concerning the forty or fifty thousand pounds, promised or paid, at the outset. Does the almost universal favour accorded to his scheme continue to take the tangible form it assumed when his proposals were fresh, unquestioned, and unexamined? Everybody knows that the favour of which Mr. BOOTH so glibly speaks is not incompatible with criticism that has long awaited, and does yet await, reply. Criticism, for example, so temperate in tone, so damaging in effect, as Mr. LOCH's demands prompt answer and receives none. Unanswered criticism must, in the circumstances, be considered unanswerable. In the meanwhile local charitable institutions in the East End, as the Rev. MARMADUKE HARE points out, suffer from the defection of old subscribers who are induced to support the big, untried scheme of the Salvation Army. The mischief already wrought is extensive enough and pitiful enough to make the charitable public pause before they inflict further injury on the many admirable missions and institutions that dispense with puffery, clap-trap, and the methods of the Medicine-man.

Mr. FRANK SMITH's promised reply to the "official" statement which his resignation produced is an explicit, if somewhat lengthy, document. Prolixity, however, is a feature of Salvation Army manifestos and "services." The chief point to note of Mr. SMITH's resignation is, that "the facts are in a nutshell." Mr. SMITH proves conclusively that his fears for the well-being of the Social branch of work with which he was charged were only too well founded. The attempt to show that he was hasty fails at all points. His categorical questions were, as we have said, both reasonable and justified. His contention that the new scheme should work side by side with the Army, and "not be swallowed up by it," is what all rational persons will allow to be sound policy. It is only natural, however, to suppose that Mr. SMITH's anxiety to preserve his department from the annexation to the central offices was not greatly relished at Queen Victoria Street. Mr. SMITH's determination to uphold the individuality of his branch of work savoured, perhaps, of too much knowledge of the financial customs of the Army. And it is notorious that no one is permitted to hint distrust of the business methods, or any other methods, adopted by Mr. BOOTH. "Independent opinion," as Mr. SMITH observes, "cannot be allowed in the 'Salvation Army on any subject,' and under the tyranny of this rule Mr. SMITH is no longer willing to labour. 'Discipline is right, despotism is wrong'—such is Mr. SMITH's pithy conclusion. Altogether, the correspondence on the subject shows that 'General' BOOTH is desirous of posing as an oracle, who speaks how and when he will, but is superior to criticism. His letter to Mr. WEBB-PEPLOW is

as shifty and vague as the "official" statement on Mr. SMITH's resignation. He affects to be quite unaware that his pleas for universal confidence are absolutely childish, unless he can show grounds for that confidence. And this is precisely what he has completely failed to do.

ENGLISH AS PRONOUNCED.

ALMOST every condition favourable to the success of a vacation newspaper correspondence is satisfied in the subject which a "Country Rector" started the other day in a letter to the *Times*. In the first place, that is to say, it is extremely doubtful whether there is anything to discuss; in the next place, it is highly dubious whether, if there be anything to discuss, it can be discussed with profit by anybody; thirdly, there is the violent doubt whether the particular persons who have started and taken up the discussion are qualified to develop its possibilities, if it has any, of instruction; and, lastly, there is the absolute certainty that an indefinite number of persons who are absolutely incapable of contributing to it anything of the slightest value will rush gleefully to take part in it. All these recommendations may safely be predicted of the gentle and joyous passage of arms which the "Country Rector" has got up on the subject of the "Pronunciation of English." Except propounding the question "What is a gentleman?" and inviting the newspaper-reading world at large to give their opinions—privately, accompanied by their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith—we can conceive no more hopeful mode of collecting an infinite number of deliverances of a wholly unascertained and unascertainable value on a subject on which the writers' title to have any opinion whatever is absolutely impossible to investigate.

It is true that the correspondence to which we refer has not made much way at present or been very fruitful as yet in amusement. But that is perhaps because it has been hitherto crowded into a corner by "General" BOOTH and Darkest England; and the host of correspondents who are anxious to perform that curious sort of "thinking aloud," which is their idea of discussing a subject, are thronging impatiently at the wings, in waiting for the signal from the editorial stage-manager—as soon as he has got the Salvation Army off—to "come on." At any rate, we have great hopes of this symposium, if only because it was started by a gentleman who thinks he can hear the "r" in "turkey," and complains bitterly when he cannot. The answer to his letter comes from "L. SOAMES," who doubts, with much reason, whether the "Country Rector" ever hears, or ever heard, an "r" in "turkey" at all. What he really hears, says "L. SOAMES," is only the long vowel of "burn" instead of the short vowel of "bun," and the critic goes on to observe, with that closeness to the point which distinguishes his whole letter, that "it is the mark of a Scotchman to retain the short vowel and to trill 'the r.'" This proposition is not only true, but casts an eminently striking light on the utility of the discussion. Because, of course, a vast deal depends upon the question whether the "Country Rector" who started this symposium is or is not a person of Scotch extraction. If he is, it is tolerably certain that when he carved the sacred fowl of the season on Thursday last, and invited those who sat at meat with him to partake of it, he himself retained the short vowel, and trilled the "r" in speaking of the dish before him. And if he hears an "r" we cannot hear in every pronunciation, or every proper pronunciation, of the word, the reason in the case supposed would be, not that he pronounces English correctly and we incorrectly, but that we speak English like Englishmen and he speaks it like a Scotchman. Inasmuch, however, as we do not and cannot possibly know what his extraction is, and could not unless he would be good enough to send his name—not merely as a guarantee of good faith, but necessarily for publication—it is absolutely impossible to estimate the value of his criticisms on the pronunciation of English. And as most of the other symposiasts are likely to be in the same case, we may take it that our remarks on the utility as well as the charm of this correspondence will be abundantly justified.

AMONG THE KURDS.

FOUR hours out from Baghdad is the ruined Khan of Bani Said; from afar it rises like a desolate island out of the sea of brown autumn desert. It is a good starting-place for this journey across the frontier of a dubious civilization into the wild border-lands where unsophisticated humanity puts on no pretence to hide or hamper the predatory instincts of the natural man. You get the caravan into marching order, apportion the camp equipage to the idiosyncrasies of the baggage mules, see that nothing has been left behind, admonish the mulish muleteer, and, finally and for good, hand over the responsibilities for cash and supplies, worry and bother of all sorts (no light burden), to your invaluable Arab follower, Ali; and long before the grey dawn begins to glimmer in the east, to which you set your face, the little cavalcade wends its silent way across the level desert, looming vast, illimitable, mysterious on either hand, lost in the deepening shadows of the circling horizon.

Before quitting these level wastes, softening into mellow distances of rosy-tinted pearl and silver under the opening day, let us mention with due meed of praise that most kindly of hospitable Arabs, Hajji Salah Agha of Howeida, whose pleasant mansion among the shady gardens and broken ravines of the Diyala opens its doors to the homeless stranger with a genuine Arab welcome. How often among boorish Kurds and churlish Persians shall the traveller recall the memory of that princely old Arab with his kindly smile, his winning ways, his soft-toned voice, as he bids him be at home under his hospitable roof! He bids us now God-speed on a journey of which he greatly disapproves; if we have a safe return (which he doubts), we are to spend a long day with him recounting its perils and adventures.

But this is not yet the threshold of adventure. A small town, Abu Saida, also on the Diyala, is the next resting-place. Large gardens spread their leafy shade around; but no man will open his gate to let the traveller pitch his tent under the trees. So the tent is pitched on the bare, high banks of the river above the ford. A man of the better sort brings a basket of dates; and a fisherman, plying his trade below, draws out a huge fish which he proceeds to broil on a fire of reeds, and brings it up smoking hot to the camp. The size and fate of that fish irresistibly recall that startling episode on the banks of the Tigris, recorded in the Book of Tobit, where the fish thought to have made a meal of Tobias, but was made a meal of by Tobias. The villagers came out in the evening, and talked of thieves. On the principle of dealing with that fraternity, two of the most villainous-looking were set to guard the camp. They succeeded so far that no other thief got an opportunity that night.

Forcing the Diyala at early dawn, with the rushing stream up to the horses' girths, Deli Abbas, a wretched village with a ruinous khan, is reached at the end of a day's journey. The coffee-house offers the cleanliest, if a somewhat public, shelter. The long-coated, high-booted "Tcherkass" police, with rifle and cartridge-belt slung across their shoulders, betray a haughty contempt for the rabble of villagers and peasants, and bestow a lofty patronage on the traveller from the outer world. At night we cross the rugged limestone ridge of the Hamrin under a glorious moon, that spreads a weird pallor over the crests and slopes of naked rock. Under the ruined walls of a picturesque Turkish fort we dine out of our wallets, and reach at early dawn the first Kurdish village in the plain beyond by the banks of a brackish stream. Returning day brings its glare and heat, and the doubtful presence of the native population. A dry arch of the ancient bridge offers a friendly shade until the cooler evening comes again, when we mount and ride across the plain to Kara Tepe at the foot of the hills. The roof of the ruinous khan seems (in the darkness) to offer the cleanliest place on which to spread the rugs. A family of Kurdish peasants down below, sitting round a great fire, raise a clamour at finding the outlandish strangers overlooking their wretched hut; the weary travellers take no heed, and the clamour soon subsides. Morning reveals the bare, unblushing squalor of the uncleanly khan; it will never do to spend the heat of the day in such a tainted abode as this. With much persuasion and many extravagant offers, we prevailed upon a Kurdish housewife to let us occupy the little mud courtyard of her house for a few hours. All her gossips in the village invented excuses to pay a call, and the good woman assumed an air of importance as she discoursed to a constant stream of visitors on the manners and customs of her much-enduring guest. She begged us at parting (rare compliment) to stay with her on the return journey. Ali, it seems, had not plied his insidious tongue in vain. A stony road leads over the bare hills; near the summit a clatter of hoofs behind announces either a belated traveller or a night-riding thief. We pull up to give him a suitable reception, whichever he may be, and find him to be neither. He is well mounted, and armed to the teeth; he says the Turkish police officer at Kara Tepe has sent him to escort us as far as Kifri. At Kifri, which we reach at dead of night, the Zaptieh thunders on the closed gates, and we gain admission to the silent streets, the footfalls of the little cavalcade sounding with hollow echoes on the rough stone pavement. The Zaptieh again stops to beat on a low, ponderous door, and rouses up the reluctant khan-keeper. We stumble in the dark over slumbering muleteers crouched among their beasts and piles of litter; and at the first unoccupied space in the open courtyard unpack and feed the impatient beasts, and lie down to sleep. This half-Arab, half-Kurdish town, with its narrow crowded bazaars, and frequent coffee-shops thronged with

idlers, need not detain us. Caravans and muleteers bring it its trade, and give it its air of bustling activity. Here we diverge from the well-trodden caravan track between Baghdad and Mosul, and enter the wilder regions of Kurdistan, where no caravan can travel in safety—a dreaded region, which the muleteer shuns.

North and north-east of Kifri the Kara Dag range descends towards the level country in broad rolling plateaus, rocky ridges, deep and rugged valleys, where some mountain stream has worn its tortuous way through the yielding rock, leaving the harder granite cropping up in picturesque confusion. Through one of these rocky gorges, with the Chappal, a clear mountain stream, brawling in the bottom, the caravan takes its way; it is a short evening's march of four hours to a Kurdish hamlet on a rocky terrace overhanging the stream. But before we reach it our little party receives the unwelcome addition of two mounted Zaptiehs, sent for escort by the Turkish "Governor" of Kifri. During the day this latter worthy had tried, with many blood-curdling details of the ferocity of the Kurdish mountaineers, to turn us aside from what he considered a foolhardy expedition. He would certainly not have adventured himself among these wild frontier-tribes who, with more or less reason, detest the Osmanli and all his ways. The Zaptiehs, a couple of good-natured harmless natives, insured us respectful treatment from the simple peasants when we halted at the village for a brief snatch of sleep; they were still on their own ground.

These are the fastnesses of the Carduchians, those fierce tribes of whom Xenophon and other explorers of antiquity had experience; they have scarcely changed for better or worse in twenty centuries and more. There is hardly a track; but by compass and map the route lies north-east for a while along the rocky bed of the Chappal, the winding stream of which has to be crossed and re-crossed some half-dozen times before we emerge on the beautiful upland downs of Daoudiyeh. Here the Mukhari, whose fears have been worked upon by the two valiant Zaptiehs, becomes mutinous. He had only been dragged along so far by the alternate cajolery and tauntings of the dexterous Ali, combined with a little judicious menace from a higher quarter. Now he comes to a halt, and prepares to unload his mules in the midst of the desert, loudly lamenting an untoward fate (he should have said his own cupidity) that had betrayed him to the prospect of being plundered and slain by outlaws who have no fear of the impotent Osmanli nor of the omnipotent Allah. Remonstrance in his present temper is waste of breath; so we ride on and leave him to his unhappy cogitations over the baggage spread upon the ground. The consequence to himself is that he has to load up again by his own unaided exertions, and finally overtakes the advanced members of the party in a state of breathless humiliation, cursing and cudgelling his unlucky mules, whom he consigns alternately to Jahannum and to the thievish Kurds, the destinations being equal, so far as he is concerned. From the steep verge of the plateau a magnificent prospect of wild, broken country, rocky hills, and deep, winding valleys stretches away to the foot of the Kara Dag. The Zaptiehs point out a cluster of black tents in the deep gorge of the Ab-i-Safed, and beg permission to depart. They dare not show the Turkish uniform among these wild mountaineers, who own no allegiance to any tax-collecting Osmanli. They are promptly dismissed (with trifling *bakhshish*), and right glad are the travellers to be rid of such compromising followers. A long and dangerous descent to the Kurdish encampment by the White Water (Ab-i-Safed), and we are, for good or evil, at the mercy or the caprice of these uncouth, staring, wondering clansmen. How will they take our sudden descent upon their secluded tents—shall we come as guests claiming a native hospitality or as fair plunder delivered into their hands?

Halting (at a suitable distance) the little caravan, which attracts a crowd of swarthy, fierce-looking, intrusive onlookers, our first business is to seek the tent of the chief. He is a fine-looking, frank, and friendly Kurd, who spreads a few handsome rugs for our reception, and orders coffee, dates, and butter for the refreshment of his unwonted guests. He is ignorant of Arabic, but speaks a fluent Persian. A few courteous phrases of welcome, and we feel at home; we can look round now with a feeling of relief at the dark, expectant faces crowding the tent, and out beyond the door. The Sheikh's kindly reception has turned the dubious balance in our favour; his guests are also the guests of his tribe. The rites of hospitality having been duly honoured, we are free to discourse of ourselves. The unexplored wonders of Khurna-wazan are in the neighbourhood, and the chief himself undertakes the office of guide. We are soon on the way; the Sheikh and his guest riding side by side, a motley group of armed retainers bringing up the rear. A sheer wall of rock rises a hundred feet out of the deep rocky gorge of the stream; down the centre of the face a rushing waterfall has cleft for itself a deep and narrow crevice. The dark walls within the cleft are hung with waving ferns and festoons of creeping moss, a brilliant, dripping curtain of green from top to bottom. Leaving our horses, we scramble down the steep and slippery rocks and gain the entrance behind the fall; the cataract pours down the narrow cleft and rains from the overhanging rocks above our heads a misty shower. Outside is the heat and glare of the brilliant day; here in this dark and dripping cavern the sudden cold strikes keen and chill, with a penetrating effect that makes us glad to regain the sunshine. That evening passed in pleasant discourse with our friendly host and the elders of the tribe, and long before dawn of the following day we are on our way, under the

guidance of a couple of tribesmen, to the abode of a neighbouring chief at the distant hamlet of Ibrahim Khanchi. The wild, mountain country is somewhat dreary in the autumn; hardly a tree or shrub, except where a cluster of willows here and there hangs over the banks of some mountain stream. In the spring these bare hills and valleys are clad with the loveliest of green and the bright hues of wild flowers. The Ibrahim Khanchi Sheikh is a man of importance; a man of flocks and herds, and much substance and numerous retainers. He dwells in a substantial and spacious house of sun-dried brick which rises in the midst of his squalid village. For various reasons we decline the shelter of the Sheikh's house pressed upon us by the hospitable proprietor, and prefer to spread the rugs under the shade of the mulberry trees by the running stream. The Sheikh also bids his retainers bring rugs, and coffee, and other things; most acceptable of all is a bountiful supply of water-melons. So we recline the whole day under the pleasant shade of the mulberry trees by the babbling brook. The Sheikh is young, well clad, well mannered; he professes a great friendship for his English guest, which, as he was subsequently to show, was not in mere words. It is a pleasant day of repose which comes to an end, and sunrise finds us again threading the winding valley of the Ab-i-Safed.

Next follows a broad tableland, broken into a thousand hills and hollows, open, free, and beautiful under the genial morning sky of that autumn day, some twenty miles across, which brings the travellers back again to the steep and rugged banks of the same river. On the high bank is a collection of Kurdish huts, mere booths built of reeds and mats; the denizens of them the lowest of their race, half-knave, wholly boor. They crowded, men and women and naked children, about the little tent in a manner which compelled a watchful eye on the sundry articles of travelling "impedimenta" scattered around. They had no supplies to sell to the hungry travellers, and only at exorbitant prices would they provide a scanty store of forage for the horses and mules. Their appearance was too abject to cause any fears on the score of personal safety. There is reason to believe that Ali and the Mukhari bullied or cajoled them out of at least one meal, sufficient to allay the immediate pangs of hunger; but, as usual in such cases, suspicion lacked the evidence which was carefully suppressed. In the evening a peasant was induced to act as guide to the sulphur-springs of Tursh-Ab; accounts differed as to the distance, some said one hour, others said two. It is a pleasant ride of an hour to the brim of a deep gorge, and at the bottom the Ab-i-Safed dashed its milky waters over the rocks. It was a too hasty conclusion which made us hope to find the springs in that deep valley. The lagging guide reappears on the crest behind loudly vociferating, which we take to imply that we have risked life and limb in vain in that rugged and dangerous descent, there is no help for it but to ascend again. Higher up on the steep mountain-side is an immense chasm in the rock sending up sulphurous fumes from its dark depths. It was getting dark, and to clamber down the jagged sides of the chasm seemed hardly worth the risk and toil. Night settled on the hills, and again the guide proved false. It is not a pleasant experience to have to find one's way alone by dark night through that robber-haunted wilderness, but at last we found the encampment, very decidedly of the opinion that the expedition did not repay the added fatigue to horse and rider.

Two hours after midnight the mules are loaded up again, and, with a Kurdish peasant for guide, the caravan is again on its way over the low hills and along the winding valleys. Climbing the long ascent of Dillo, and coming down over the summit to the north-west, the wretched hamlet of Gok Tepe is reached at the foot of the Kara Dagh pass. The Hamavends had lately paid it a visit, and left it a heap of blackened ruins. The unhappy natives were engaged in repairing their huts. We took refuge in an open booth in the desert, where we found four Kurds and a Jew who had been plundered of their caravan of eight asses laden with wheat in the recesses of the Kara Dagh only the day before. Supplies were absolutely lacking; the wretched peasants, rendered dull and apathetic by misery, scarcely heeded our presence; and they had hardly food to eat, much less to sell. Companions in hunger and hardship, we filled the little booth and endeavoured to content ourselves with such diminishing stores as the saddle-bags afforded; but there were eight hungry mouths to be filled. The two young Sheikhs of the village, brothers, came in and seemed to be glad enough of the tea, which was about all we could offer them in the way of hospitality. The caravan was now considerably augmented by the addition of the plundered peasants; they would return in our company and search for their asses in the defiles of the Kara Dagh; they had a faint hope that the robbers might have turned them loose. The caravan, thus augmented, resumed its march in the early afternoon, and plunged into the gloomy defile that leads to the first steep ascent over the mountain pass. The first stage of our Kurdistan expedition is so far safely accomplished. What adventures are to follow in the unknown country beyond these rugged mountains?

THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

UNLESS the public, like a child who has enjoyed too many cakes and sweets to preserve an appetite, is satiated by all the good things which have recently been laid before it, we think

that the Exhibition of the Royal House of Guelph which is now open in the New Gallery will enjoy a very unusual share of popularity. For ourselves, we are free to confess that it gives us much more pleasure than we anticipated. No doubt it is imperfect, in some degree desultory, not exhaustively or completely historic. It could not be otherwise and yet cover the rich ground it occupies. We are not sure that it is improved by the fact that it enters the nineteenth century, or by extending, at all events, so late as the close of William IV.'s reign. If it could be rearranged, we should be inclined to beg that it might come no further down than 1820. An exhibition of the First Three Georges would have been more symmetrical, perhaps, and need not have been a whit less copious. But, when all is said that carping criticism can say, it remains that we wander among these two thousand objects with extraordinary pleasure, that intellectual memories of the most enchanting order are awakened at every step, and that the age of episode and anecdote *par excellence*, the marvellous and romantic eighteenth century, encloses us with the tenderest cords of reminiscence. In the Tudor Exhibition, delightful as that was, much of the art was exotic and even mean, the costume barbaric, the personages remote from our habitual recollection. Here the art is English and of the best, the dresses are of the solitary epoch when men and women in this island clothed themselves becomingly, and the people depicted are members of every cultivated household. To linger in the Guelph Exhibition is to move in the very atmosphere of Pope and Johnson and Horace Walpole.

For the service of those readers who intend to visit the exhibition we may explain briefly the principle on which it is arranged, without a conception of which much time may be lost. The walls of the galleries are in every instance clothed with pictures, the open space in the rooms being used, as fully as possible, and more fully than would be convenient in case of a crowd, for frames and tables of jewelry, bric-à-brac, manuscripts, china, and relics of all kinds. The large West Gallery is called, on this occasion, the Royal Room, and is hung with portraits of the Royal Family, from Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who died a few weeks too early to belong to the Guelph dynasty at all, down to the Duchess of Kent. Among these Royalties is found room for a few statesmen, noblemen, and soldiers, and for one or two miscellaneous works. Among the latter is the curious, German-like composition called "The Mall" (44), which displays a fashionable crowd in St. James's Park about the middle of last century. This is usually attributed, but apparently without the least ground, to Hogarth. It has also been suggested that Wale, who was one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy, may have produced it. It is grotesquely crowded with little brightly-coloured figures introduced into a green landscape without much attempt at perspective. Here, also, are Steele, by Kneller (43), Sheridan (50), and Wilberforce, painted by John Rising for Lord Muncaster (91), all of which would be more in place in the South Gallery. The objects in cases in the West Gallery consist of miniatures, relics, snuff-boxes, pyramids of watches, and plate.

We pass, for the present, to the South Gallery, where is brought together as seductive a collection of portraits of men eminent in literature, art, and science as ever was seen within four walls. Here are to be found, in a surprising abundance, those portraits of great men which, in ceaseless reproduction by engraving, have become so familiar to the eye of every lettered person as to seem singular only from their colour. Here, immediately as we enter, is the well-known "Franklin" (187), painted by David Martin for Lord Stanhope, the rather flat image of the philosopher pinching his chin, which is so intimately known. All that gives us a shock is to find that he wears a pale blue coat. Just above it hangs Pickersgill's austere "Wordsworth" (190), belonging to St. John's College, Cambridge, with the face as of a meditative haberdasher, pensive and prim, so familiar in frontispieces to the poems. The Garrick Club has lent its large composition of "Sir Giles Overreach" (191), with the spirited portraits of Kean, Oxberry, Mrs. Knight, and, best of all perhaps, Munden. This is a very good example of George Chit's theatrical groups, a clever and expressive piece, which compares favourably with his later and similar compositions now to be seen in the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections. Chit's colour was rarely so brisk as this. On the eastern wall of this gallery a galaxy of wit and intellect is gathered, and once more we are struck with the odd familiarity of all these heads minus the colour. Here is "Gibbon" (198), in a tie-wig and a scarlet coat, as in all editions of *The Decline and Fall*. Who it was who painted it seems to be unknown. The little pale profile of "Chatterton" (202), which represents him as a child of twelve, will be seen with great interest; this was given by his sister, Mrs. Newton, to Southey, and by him to Wordsworth, who bequeathed it to Sir Henry Taylor. Sir G. Kneller's "Pope" (204), painted in 1723, is not only of extraordinary personal interest, but, although executed within a few months of the painter's death, and one of the latest of his works, of singular facility and charm in the bright pale tones of green coat and transparent carnations. Close to the "Pope" is the "Thomas Gray" (206), lent by Pembroke College, Cambridge. This profile, which by the way is much in need of careful restoration, is not attributed to any master in the catalogue, but is the work of Benjamin Wilson, once the rival of Hogarth. It was probably painted about 1768. Between Gray and Pope hangs *Ursa Major*, the curious rough profile of "Dr.

Johnson" with uplifted hands (205), exhibited by Reynolds in 1770. This is believed to be the fifth of the eight or nine consecutive portraits of Johnson which Reynolds painted. Many of the famous Reynolds pictures here are too familiar to be described, the "Sterne" of 1760 (207), the Goldsmith of 1766 (211), the "Foote" (235). In curious contrast to all these eighteenth-century heads is Miss Amelia Curran's "Shelley" (212), holding a quill of a green parrot's wing-feather; this is the fountain and origin of all the more or less fabulous pictures of Shelley which have found their way round the world. We may remark that the compiler of the useful catalogue would do well to cancel the statement that Shelley "at the age of fifteen published two novels, *Justrozzi* and *The Rosicrucian*," and substitute, "at the age of eighteen published two novels, *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvine, or the Rosicrucian*." It does not appear to us that any of the engravings of this artistically meritorious and historically invaluable little portrait have done justice to it. It is much more human, more possible, than the elfin Shelley of the traditional copperplates. We regret to say that not a few portraits in the Guelph Exhibition appear to us to be of more than questionable veracity. What is the history, we should like to ask, of the unsigned half-length of a young man reading, which purports to be "Henry Fielding" (221)? The only known authentic portrait of Fielding is that which was drawn by Hogarth from memory, long after the novelist's death. We greatly doubt whether Mr. Austin Dobson, who is one of the committee of the Guelph Exhibition, will be willing to stand sponsor for this latest discovery, which possesses, by the way, none of the traditional characteristics of Fielding, not even that Roman "proboscis" of which we read in *Amelia*. Close to this spurious "Fielding" hangs one of the most precious of English portraits, the small half-length of "Keats" (222) by Severn, with the large, luminous eyes cast up, "as if he saw a glorious vision," in the words of Mrs. Procter, the last survivor who recollected those eyes. A very odd "Charles Lamb" (223) is lent by the same collector, Sir Charles Dilke; it is in such a bad condition of dirt or discolouration that it is difficult to decipher. We must not, however, give way to temptation, nor linger any longer among these fascinating memorials of the dead who yet speak to us in prose and verse. In what Sir Thomas Browne calls "the acute and singular book of physiognomy" there is no chapter more enthralling than that which gives us the greatest masters of English literature as they moved and breathed.

The South Gallery, in its cases, keeps up its literary proclivities in a more frivolous direction. The Byron family have contributed an amusing collection of relics of the poet—his sword-stick, his scent-bottle, a locket with his hair cut at Missolonghi. In the same case are Dr. Johnson's silver bib-holder—no perfunctory implement—and his wife's wedding-ring. A ball of worsted wound by Cowper for Mrs. Unwin, the silver pen presented by Edmund Burke to the Lexicographer on occasion of the ending of the Dictionary, Keats's pocket-book, David Garrick's walking-stick, the cap worn by the author of *The Task* while in the throes of composition.

A clod—a piece of orange-peel,
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a poet's heel,
How beautiful they are!

The visitor will at this point do well, before examining the other galleries on the ground floor, to ascend to the balcony, and inspect the cases of manuscripts and letters which form an admirable supplement to the treasures of the South Gallery.

There is a genuine interest, far exceeding what caps and artificial teeth and cigar-ends can give, in seeing before us the actual autograph MS. of Burns's "Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie" (1749); the immortal letter of Sylvander to Clarinda beginning "The Impertinence of Fools" (1750); an ode of Keats scribbled on the fly-leaf of a Shakespeare folio of 1623 (1777); the actual letter in which Charles Lamb tells Coleridge how "my poor dear, dearest Sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her Mother" (1788). The MSS. of Swift, Defoe, Pope, Newton, Addison, and Young form an extraordinary collection of papers illustrating the age of Anne. Not less curious, though much less important, are the evidences of odd eighteenth-century manners—"seals of safety," coronation and funeral tickets, handbills announcing "a main of cocks to be fought," bank tokens, garter guineas, and maundy sets.

HARES PRESERVATION BILL.

STATUTES which have their origin in the House of Lords are seldom received with much enthusiasm by the Commons, and have but small chance of being found at the end of the Session amongst the few fittest survivors of the struggle for existence. If the Hares Preservation Bill, which the Peers in November carried unopposed through all its stages, shares the fate of its predecessor in the Lower Chamber, nobody will be greatly surprised or disappointed; yet its defeat will be due not to any real objection to the principle of a close time, which has been carried almost to an absurdity in the case of small birds, but to the perversity of ill-conditioned Radicals who oppose anything which they imagine finds favour with the landed interest, and to Sir William Harcourt's paternal sensitiveness on the subject of the best known

and most popular of his Parliamentary offspring. That the Ground Game Act of 1880, or Hares and Rabbits Bill, as it was generally called, was a success in its way there can be no question whatever; never perhaps has a measure been so gratefully received and so thoroughly appreciated by those on whose behalf it became law. The milder opponents of the Bill said it came fifteen or twenty years too late, that the damage done by ground game had become gradually less, till it practically amounted to nothing at all, that the landlords were down on their knees to the tenants to take or continue occupation on any terms, and that the latter had it in their power to make their own bargain about game, furred or feathered. This, however, did not appear to be the opinion of the tenants themselves, by all of whom, even by those who had not suffered molestation, the Bill was hailed with enthusiasm, as freeing them from a hateful burden, real or imaginary, and leaving them masters of the situation, at least as regarded one cause of injury to their crops. How pleased they were they soon showed, for they were like schoolboys let loose. The moment the Act came into operation and for weeks afterwards, the county rang with the shooting, shouting, and yelping of the men, boys, and dogs engaged in the delightful pursuit of a quarry which had the double merit of being a common enemy and an article of food. Any one who has ever stood, himself unobserved, within earshot of a group of labourers watching a hare on the move, and has heard the fearful language and unspeakable accusations addressed to her, will understand the rancorous grudge which was felt against the once ubiquitous destroyer whose own destruction was forbidden under heavy penalties. The fun came to an end even sooner than could have been expected. On farms which had always supported a great head of hares it became difficult to find a single specimen, and the worst of it was that farmers awoke to the fact that, though they had hardly had a mouthful, the cake was no longer there (it is hard when you can neither have it nor eat it); roast hare was a greater rarity at a tenant's table than in the old bad days, though perhaps during the recent period of slaughter not a dozen of the victims' corpses had found their way into his larder. The harvest had been reaped, but not gathered. While the game was plentiful, men unaccustomed to sport were ranging the fields all day, firing at every hare as she got up, regardless of whether she was within killing or wounding distance, or if she was altogether out of shot. There can be no doubt that hundreds, perchance thousands, of the poor creatures crept away hard hit, to die after the manner of wild animals in the most obscure corner they could find, and hundreds more were picked up by the farm servants, who from the first were the chief beneficiaries under the Act, and who, with a splendid disregard for its letter or spirit, constituted themselves each and all "deputed persons," who snared or shot as persistently as, and with more success than, their masters. To the credit of all parties concerned, be it recorded that the prohibition of trapping above ground has been almost always and everywhere respected.

The wandering habits of the animal herself completed the disaster. Had she been satisfied, as a rabbit usually is, within the boundary of a few fields, matters might, when the farmers came to their senses, have yet gone comparatively well with her. It is not so easy now as once it was to observe her ways and vagaries; but anybody who held land when she was rife throughout the country may remember how, from a shift of wind or for some wholly unaccountable reason, hares would suddenly change their quarters, and apparently ebb out of a farm altogether, to return after a while in equally mysterious flood. But they did not really move in bodies, though each was individually constrained to migrate in the same direction as his fellows; and the nomadic spirit naturally still exists—has indeed become in many places the necessary result of much and continuous persecution. As the game diminished the watchfulness of the tenants increased; they saw with dismay that their hares (every hare a man saw on his farm was at once *his*) were in the habit of straying into their neighbour's fields, and that the neighbour never recognized the property of other people. So a spirit of jealousy arose, and each man, though personally anxious to preserve sufficiently to keep up a stock, felt himself obliged to shoot every hare he came across to prevent her straying; and as this sort of thing was carried on as it was at all times of the year on a dozen or so of conterminous farms, it is not surprising that the dreaded extermination soon became a practically accomplished fact over large districts. We remember once being out with a pack of harriers, whose master had been specially invited by a tenant really fond of the sport to come over his land because he had a hare in a good place. A long blank draw in the morning took the hounds into the vicinity of this farm, and the master turning to his friend said, "Now H. we will go and find your hare." "Sorry to say, sir, I shot her yesterday," was the reply. "What on earth made you do that?" "Well, sir, she'd a-got quite close to my outside, and was in such a dangerous spot as I thought it safest to shoot her at once!" It is well known that few more acceptable presents could be made to a farmer than half a dozen leverets to turn down during the summer. He would assert and believe in his firm intention to keep them through the winter in order to get up stock again, and it is more than probable that he would shoot them all within a week for fear of their falling beneath the fire of his *proximus Ucalagon*.

This amiable spirit grows and gains strength yearly, and is a chief cause of the present outcry that a close time for hares

should at once be made compulsory. The argument in favour of a Hares Preservation Bill is undoubtedly a strong one. It would certainly be a pity if the hare were to cease from out the land, since, unlike the rabbit, it is far more easily extirpated than renewed. The Ground Game Act, as has already been pointed out, was passed originally for the benefit of the tenant-farmers, and for them only. If this most estimable body of men demand, as it seems they do, some curtailment of their privilege, why in the name of common sense should they not have it? The Central Chamber of Agriculture, the most trustworthy authority as to the wishes of agriculturists, pronounced a year or two ago almost unanimously in favour of Mr. Dawnay's Bill. A close time from March 15 to July or August 15, the latter date being perhaps preferable, would hurt nobody, it would greatly please the farmers of England, and if our Parliamentary Extremists can only be persuaded that it is not a landlords' measure, there is hopeful probability that it may be passed into law early in the ensuing session.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S annual pantomime at Drury Lane, entitled *Beauty and the Beast*, bears little resemblance to the good, old-fashioned style of entertainment invented by Mr. Rich in 1717, which combined a suggestion of the ancient Morality Play, with its fierce combats between good and evil spirits, and the Italian *Commedia dell'Arte*. The pantomime *fin de siècle* instituted by Mr. Harris, however, does retain two of the principal characteristics of the earlier and certainly more amusing productions, in which the harlequinade occupied half the programme. *Beauty and the Beast* is faithful enough, for example, to tradition in its opening scenes, in which we behold more than a passing glimpse of a certain uncanny region, politely called "Pandemonium" on the programme. Here the Evil One, under the guise of Bogie Man, begins his wicked career, only, however, to be eventually vanquished by the good fairies, Diamond and Rosebud. This is as it should be, and proves that tradition is stronger than Mr. Yardley and Mr. Sheriff Harris, the joint authors of the pantomime in question, imagine; for inadvertently they have reproduced and written up to date the opening scenes of at least half the "Moralities" extant. The directions for the *mise-en-scène* of some of these old plays bear a striking resemblance to what is done nightly at Drury Lane. We read, for instance, of demons clad in black, with the outlines of skeletons painted on their bodies; and, singular to relate, this is precisely the costume worn by the Leopold troupe as the attendants on the Bogie Man. Then, again, we hear of the good angel in the *Moralité des Frères parfaits*, as being attired in gold with *des ailes argentées*, and as executing the following curious stage direction:—"The good angel descends into hell, *avec beaucoup de lumière et envoyant se promener les méchants diables*"; and so does, at Drury Lane, pretty Miss Sybil Grey, as the good fairy, drive off Bogie and his naughty sprites. But after the first few scenes the Drury Lane entertainment, to our thinking, is spoilt by a superabundance of the music-hall element, which must prove tedious to most grown-up people, and, let us hope, incomprehensible to children, who, we sincerely trust, do not understand the meaning of the equivocal words of one or two of the topical songs. The interest of the simple old fairy tale, already complicated by incidents selected rather carelessly from half a dozen other nursery stories, is diminished by superfluous characters and the singing and dancing of songs and jigs, which have nothing whatever to do with the progress of the main legend on which the pantomime is founded. Then, what has become of the harlequinade, so essential to the complete enjoyment of the children, for whose benefit it is intended? Relegated to the fag-end of the piece, curtailed as much as possible, it is treated as a matter of minor importance, and as a rule Harlequin performs his wand miracles, Columbine executes her pirouettes, and Pantaloon receives his divertingly unceremonious treatment at the hands of Clown in the presence of a steadily diminishing audience. We cannot help thinking that if half the patter songs, gags, jigs, tricks, acrobatic performances, and so called comic "business," which at present dilute the interest of the fairy legend, were removed to that section of the entertainment, it would be better balanced, and the *raison d'être* of this peculiar kind of dramatic performance would resume its primitive importance.

We have seen more gorgeous pantomimes at the National Theatre than this, "the eighteenth," but it is nevertheless exceedingly elaborate, and the Ball-room scene is truly artistic. The costumes of the hundreds of courtiers and ladies who go through a dance are not only very rich in material, but designed with fair accuracy after pictures of the time of Henri III. of Valois. This is a magnificent spectacle, and far surpasses the Transformation scene, representing a wedding cake, which struck us as being too white, and also as slightly shallow. There are plenty of glittering processions and ballets, notably lovely being the Ballet of Roses in the "Rose Garden," a veritable triumph of stage management. A panorama to the Docks seems to have been introduced principally for the purpose of showing us how the actress, alternately styled on the programmes Miss Belle Bilton and Lady Dunlo, as "Beauty," can triumph over the manifold difficulties of driving such unmanageable steeds as the

Brothers Griffiths prove to be when travestied as donkeys. Far more amusing are Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell in their most excellent and diverting impersonations of "Sarah Jane" and "Mary Anne," elder sisters of Beauty (borrowed evidently from *Cinderella*). Mr. Nicholls actually danced a "*pas-de-skirt*," à la Kate Vaughan, with much distinction. Mr. Campbell sings an uncommonly droll parody of "Comin' thro' the Rye." Some fun of a boisterous character is created by Mr. Dan Leno, as "Mr. Lombard Streete," the father of Beauty and her droll sisters, and Mr. Charles Wallace, as "Montmorency," his "Man of all Work." The dialogue, however, is singularly pointless. What there is of the harlequinade is very good and lively.

Mr. Horace Lennard's pantomime at the Crystal Palace, which is founded on *Dick Whittington*, adheres closely to legitimate traditions. The legend is related in a simple fashion, and not confused with incidents borrowed from other fables. The libretto is lively and pleasing. Some of the scenery is as good as any to be seen in London, exceptionally pretty being a view of Highgate Hill, where, of course, Dick is warned by the bells to "turn again" Londonwards. Here occurs a ballet—seen by the hero in a vision—of flowers, which is charming, the dancing being partly to the accompaniment of the famous chimes. There is also a Moorish ballet, treated with singular elegance and elaboration of detail. Miss Edith Bruce, who is a popular favourite at the Crystal Palace in travestie parts, is a vivacious and pleasing Dick. Miss Carrie Cote as Alice looks pretty, and Miss Susie Vaughan is strikingly effective as the Emperor of Morocco. The comic element is efficiently supplied by Mr. Mat Robson and M. J. J. Dallas. The music has been skilfully arranged and composed by Mr. Oscar Barrett, who has wisely given the bustling harlequinade proper prominence. It concludes with a funny "shadow pantomime."

Not so many years ago there was at this season a pantomime or a fairy extravaganza at every theatre in London, and the *Illustrated London News* of the week after Christmas generally published a supplement containing sketches of the numerous transformation scenes. All this is changed, and in London proper this year there is only one pantomime—at Drury Lane. However, outside the central district, time-honoured traditions are held sacred by Mr. George Conquest at the Surrey Theatre, for instance, in *Harlequin the Sleeping Beauty*, a bright and amusing pantomime, in which the Harlequinade occupies its proper position. That popular manageress, Mrs. Sara Lane, supplies the vast audiences of the Britannia at Hoxton—one of the noblest theatres in London, second in size only to Drury Lane itself—with sumptuous Christmas fare entitled, rather lugubriously, *The Spider and the Fly; or, King Jocosse of Goforem Castle*. The Grand, Islington, likewise has a gorgeous pantomime, called *Babes in the Wood; or Bold Robin Hood and his Foresters Good*, in which the author, Mr. Geoffrey Thorn, has dexterously interwoven the two legends. It is well worth taking children to see, being full of fun and merriment, and the vivacious harlequinade is capital.

There are pantomimes also at the Pavilion, the Standard, and the new theatre at Hammersmith. People who take interest in the various phases of London life will enjoy a visit to any one of these immense theatres, especially on a Saturday night, not only on account of the pantomimes, which are very good, but also to see the audiences.

New pieces are promised at several houses. Mr. Hare is actively rehearsing a successor to the delightful *Pair of Spectacles*, and the new Vaudeville will open soon with *Woodbarrow Farm*, a play originally secured by Mr. Hare after its successful production at a Matinée many months ago. Everyone will welcome the revival of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Lyceum.

The *Silver King* will be produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the New Olympic to-night, for a short run, until *Belphegor* is ready, in the principal part of which historical play Mr. Barrett ought to find an excellent opportunity.

Nothing succeeds like success, and therefore the singular production of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Princess's is proving to be one of the greatest attractions in London. Cold or mild, fog or no fog, the Gaiety and the Lyric go on rejoicing and turning away crowds, and *Carmen up to Date* and *La Cigale* have not suffered in the least from the inclemency of the weather. Very shortly the new theatre at Cambridge Circus, to be called, by the way, The Royal English Opera, will be opened with Sir Arthur Sullivan's brand-new opera founded on *Ivanhoe*. About the same time Mr. Norman Forbes will open the Globe Theatre, which Mr. Campbell Smith is endeavouring to make both tasteful and comfortable—a difficult task, which many managers have hitherto failed to do. The Criterion will not change its bill for a long time to come, for *London Assurance*, with costumes slightly predated, has proved a success. Mr. George Alexander's reign at the Avenue is drawing to a close, and Mr. R. C. Carton's pretty play, *Sunlight and Shadow*, will go to the St. James's early in February. In *Chancery* will not leave the boards of Terry's for the production of a new play for many weeks to come, and the same may be said of *Jane* at the Comedy, *A Million of Money* at Covent Garden, *The Judge* at the Comique, *The English Rose* at the Adelphi, *The Cabinet Minister* at the Court, *The Rose and the Ring* at the Prince of Wales's, and the ever-green *Gondoliers*, who are 387 nights old, at the Savoy.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE heavy failure on the Dublin Stock Exchange on Monday illustrates how the discredit arising out of the Baring disaster affects securities which seemed to be entirely out of its reach, and prepares us to expect, from time to time, similar difficulties. It appears that some time ago a Syndicate was formed in Dublin for the purpose of agitating for splitting Guinness's stock into Preferred and Deferred, in the manner allowed to the railway Companies by the Act of last Session. In the hope that the agitation would succeed the Syndicate, it is said, bought a very large amount of the stock. At the time the purchase seemed a safe one. Guinness's Brewery maintains its high repute, and the stock is very largely held by the trade in Dublin. If it were split into Preferred and Deferred, it was a not unnatural conclusion that it would rise, and consequently the purchasers would be able to sell at a profit. If the splitting were refused, it seemed safe to say that the stock could be sold without much loss. It stood at a premium of over 200 per cent., and it was in strong demand by the trade. It would appear that the firm of Du Bedat & Son, the senior member of which was President of the Dublin Stock Exchange, was the principal member of the Syndicate, and that it is firm bought a very large amount of stock. The senior member apparently had for some time been speculating rather recklessly in English and American brewery shares, Irish distilleries, mining and other industrial securities, but he would probably have pulled through his difficulties were it not for the discredit arising out of the Baring collapse. The agitation for the splitting of the stock failed, and although the stock still stood at a premium of over 200 per cent., it was found impossible to sell it freely. Suddenly investment demand, like speculation, dried up, and, though nothing occurred to lessen the value of Guinness's stock it could not be realized. The speculations, of course, of Mr. Du Bedat in other securities heightened his difficulties. It is said that he fled from Dublin just before Christmas, and on Monday he was declared a defaulter on the Dublin Stock Exchange. As a matter of course there was a heavy fall in brewery shares, both in Dublin and in London, on Monday. In Guinness's the fall was as much as 11, in Allsopp's 5, in Bristol shares 4, and in several other brewery shares there was likewise a downward movement, though much less than in the cases mentioned. The mere fact that a speculator had gone beyond his means, and been obliged to abscond, would be of little general interest, were it not that the incident illustrates, as already said, how even securities that stand high in popular favour are affected by such disasters as that we have just passed through during the past few months.

It would be strange, indeed, if the liquidation of a house so great as that of Messrs. Baring Brothers should not leave behind it a general feeling of discredit, and a strong disinclination to engage in new enterprises. The house stood in such credit that for a time it will be difficult for people to extend to others undoubted confidence, and naturally, therefore, those who venture beyond their means will find it less easy than it used to be to overcome their embarrassments. Considering all the circumstances, the failures in London have been fewer than might have been expected; but it is notorious that large numbers would have had to suspend but that they received assistance. Even this week, indeed, a house has been saved by friends coming forward to put fresh capital into it. For a little while the intervention of the Bank of England gave relief. Undoubtedly it prevented a most serious panic which would probably have precipitated disasters of great magnitude. But the intervention of the Bank of England cannot all at once remove discredit. Time must pass to enable people to see who have really exhausted their resources, and who are still solvent in spite of passing embarrassments. Gradually, of course, confidence will revive, but in the meanwhile we must expect difficulties and suspensions now in one place and now in another. But the distrust and discredit will not continue long if those difficulties and suspensions are not in themselves serious. Much also will depend upon the course of events abroad. The scheme for the conversion of the Buenos Ayres Cédulas appears to have broken down, and we fear it is inevitable that many other Argentine provinces besides Cordoba and Entre Rios must default, and that some of the railways, too, will be unable to pay dividends, possibly unable to pay their full interest. If, in addition to all this, there were to be another revolution, the effect upon the European markets could not fail to be bad, and some of the houses which hitherto have been able to hold their ground might have to ask for help. If, on the contrary, order is maintained, and some kind of satisfactory compromise made with the creditors of the Argentine Republic and Provinces, the worst probably will be found to be over. But, even under the most favourable circumstances, it seems inevitable that some houses connected with the River Plate will have either to suspend or to make arrangements with their creditors, and others which may be able to meet all their obligations will still suffer heavy losses. As long, however, as uncertainty respecting the River Plate countries lasts, it is a matter of course that apprehension must continue, and that the houses which have not proved themselves to be strong, and which are suspected to have suffered seriously, will be looked upon with suspicion. The continuance of the uneasy feeling here will be largely determined, too, by the course of events in the United States. Apparently the money market there is getting into a healthier state. For the next few months there ought to be a return of coin and

notes from the internal circulation, which ought to make rates easier, and furthermore the Treasury during the past four months has disbursed immense amounts. On the other hand, there is notoriously much discredit in commercial circles all over the Union, and there is a great lock-up of capital. It is possible that under these circumstances there may not be that return of coin and notes to New York which is looked for, and, therefore, there may not be so much ease as operators are now counting upon. Further, if additional silver legislation is forced through this session, it may increase distrust and alarm, and may precipitate a crisis.

As usual at the end of the year there was a strong demand during the first half of the week for short loans. In the outside market the rate of interest ranged from 5 to 5½ per cent. Many, however, had to apply to the Bank of England, where they were charged 6 per cent. The demand was purely temporary. It was caused by the preparations being made for the payment of interest and dividends at the beginning of the new year. It will, therefore, very soon come to an end. It is less easy to form an opinion as to the immediate course of the discount market. At the beginning of the week the rate of discount was 4½ per cent.; but it fell rapidly, and on Thursday was no better than 3½ per cent. Those who believe that the rate will still further decline point out that nearly a million sterling in gold is on the way to this country, and that during the next three months coin in large amounts will return from the circulation; that, therefore, the Bank of England will continue strong, and that rates must be easy. Against this, however, it must be observed, firstly, that the Bank of England owes to the Bank of France three millions sterling; secondly, that there is a demand for gold for Germany, during the week ended Wednesday night 150,000*l.* having been withdrawn from the Bank of England for Berlin; that, thirdly, the impending French loan may lead to withdrawals for Paris; fourthly, that in the unsettled state of the New York money market withdrawals for New York are to be expected; fifthly, that miscellaneous demands of considerable magnitude are likely to arise; and, lastly, that during the next three months the collection of the revenue will be on a much larger scale than in any other quarter of the year, and will tend to give the Bank of England control of the outside market by transferring to it large amounts of loanable capital.

Since the holidays the silver market has been quiet. At one time the price went down to 47½*d.* per ounce; but on Tuesday it recovered to 47½*d.*, on Wednesday rose to 48*d.*, and on Thursday to 48½*d.* The course of the market is entirely governed by the prospects of silver legislation in Congress. There is a large accumulation of the metal in the United States, and unless Congress decides upon the purchase of this stock, there is sure to be a fall in the price. On the other hand, if there is a probability that the Silver party will be able to force some kind of bill through Congress, there will probably be a rise. The rise will be stimulated, too, by the increased demand for money in India usual in the first three months of every year. They constitute the season when exports from India are on the largest scale. To move the crops down to the shipping ports there is a strong demand for money in the interior, and usually, therefore, the purchases of silver by India are larger in the first quarter of the year than in any other.

At the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Saturday morning, the joint-stock and private banks charged 5 per cent. to Stock Exchange borrowers. The account was a small one, and the carrying-over rates were generally low. In the home railway market North-Western, North-Eastern, and Great Eastern stocks were scarce. The charges for carrying over the other stocks were very easy, with the exception of Brighton "A." In the American market rates ranged from 6 to 7 per cent., in the foreign market from about 2 to 4 per cent. There seems to be still a small speculation for the fall in Argentine Government bonds, but the carrying-over rates in the case of Cédulas ranged from 5 to 8 per cent. The evidence afforded by the settlement is to the effect that during the fortnight before Christmas speculators both for the rise and for the fall had been lessening their accounts, and that consequently there is but very little speculation at the present moment. On Saturday the attendance in the City was very thin, and even members of the Stock Exchange refrained from entering into new engagements on any considerable scale. There was more doing on Monday and Tuesday, particularly in American railroad securities. Professional operators argue that because the fall in Americans during the past year was so long continued and so heavy there ought to be a recovery; but they forget the discredit that exists in commercial circles all over the Union, and the serious apprehension that has been excited by the currency legislation of the past year, and the agitation of the Silver party. In Argentine securities there has been a marked rise during the week, due to the acceptance, with certain reservations, of the recommendations of Lord Rothschild's Committee by the Argentine Government. It will be recollected that the Committee recommended the funding of all interest due by the Argentine Government as well as its other obligations, such as guarantees, for three years. The Government admits this to be necessary. It also accepts what was made an indispensable condition by Lord Rothschild's Committee, the cancelling of the contract with the Drainage and Waterworks Company. The Drainage and Waterworks are, in fact, to be bought back by the Government for 6½ millions sterling in Argentine Government bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest. On the other hand, the Company is bound to complete

the works. It is estimated that, assuming the bonds to be worth 80 per cent., they would about return to the Company the capital outlay incurred. The settlement of this matter is of great importance to the Baring guarantors, as the Waterworks debentures and shares constitute a large part of the assets of Messrs. Baring Brothers. But it is exceedingly unfair to the holders of sterling bonds that the interest upon these new 5 per cent. bonds is to be funded for three years, and to be secured as a special charge upon the Customs, ranking before all sterling bonds other than those of 1886.

The acceptance of the Committee's proposals will give the Argentine Republic a breathing time, during which, if well used, the premium on gold may be gradually reduced, and the foundations may be laid for a new era of prosperity. But, after all, the compromise suggested is only a temporary makeshift. When the coming Presidential election is over it will have to be settled whether the Republic is able to pay interest upon the full amount of its existing obligations, and, if not, in what proportion the capital is to be reduced or the interest. In the meantime the attempt of the Argentine Government to place the State banks under better management has failed, and so have its efforts to arrange with the provincial Governments for taking over their debts. Accordingly the provinces of Cordoba and Entre Rios notify that they will not pay the January coupon; and it is inevitable that the other provinces must default, with the exception perhaps of Buenos Ayres. Dr. Plaza's negotiations, too, for converting the Buenos Ayres Cédulas have come to nothing. It was evident that his proposals would not work, even if they had a chance of being adopted.

During the week there has been a further recovery in Consols. As on New Year's Day the Stock Exchange was closed, the comparisons we make below are between the closing prices on Wednesday evening and those at the close of Christmas Eve. Consols last May were as high as 98½. Just before the Baring collapse they had fallen to 93½. Since then they have been gradually recovering, and they closed on Wednesday at 95½—95½, an advance from the lowest price of about 2½ per cent., and for the week of ½. There is nearly always a rise in Consols during the first four months of every year, partly because the Sinking Fund purchases are then large, and partly because money is usually cheap. This year, it is to be expected that the banks and financial houses generally which had sold on such a large scale between May and November, to increase their reserves, will buy very freely. There has also been an advance in most municipal, colonial, and Indian Government securities in preparation for the expected re-investment of dividends and interest this month and next. The most marked rise for the week was in Rupee paper, the Four and a Halfs closing on Wednesday evening at about 83½, an advance for the week of 1. In Home Railway stocks also there has been an upward movement, notwithstanding the bad weather, the strikes in Scotland, the increased working expenses, and the probable falling-off in receipts during the New Year. Those who sold speculatively during the recent crisis have been buying back, and some speculators have also been buying in anticipation of the re-investment of the dividends soon to be declared. London and North-Western closed on Wednesday evening at 178½—178½, a rise for the week of ½. North-Eastern closed at 166½—166½, a rise of 1½. Even the Scotch stocks improved, Caledonian having advanced ½, to 119½; North British Deferred ½, to 52½; and the Preferred ½, to 76½.

The foreign market has also been firm, the liquidations, both in Berlin and in Paris, being expected to pass off more smoothly than a little while ago was anticipated. Speculators, too, are buying back stocks they had sold, and the Paris Bourse is being supported in preparation for the coming funding loan. French Threes closed at 94½, a rise of ½ during the week; Portuguese at 58½, an advance of ½; Italian at 94½, a rise of ½; Hungarians at 92½, a rise of 1; Uruguayan Sixes at 58, a rise of 1½. In this department, however, the most remarkable movement has been in Argentine securities. The state of the Republic is most deplorable. Credit is utterly paralysed, trade completely disorganized, the revenue is falling off, and the National Government has had to declare that it is unable to pay the interest on its debt, and therefore must accept the proposals of Lord Rothschild's Committee. Besides, the provinces of Cordoba and Entre Rios announced on Wednesday that the January coupons would not be paid, and before long it is expected that the other provinces, with the exception of Buenos Ayres, will have to make a similar announcement. Further, there are fears that the interest on the bonds of some of the uncompleted railways cannot be found. The contractors have undertaken to pay the interest during construction; but it is not believed that they have the money themselves, or will be able to borrow it. Indeed, the Argentine North-Eastern is paying only part of the January interest. Yet on New Year's Eve the Cordoba and Entre Rios bonds closed at the same quotation as they did on Christmas Eve, and during the week there was a rise of 2 to 79 in the 1886 Loan. It is to be observed that the acceptance by the Argentine Government of the recommendations of Lord Rothschild's Committee gives this particular loan a specially favourable position. It being secured upon the Customs, the interest will be paid in cash. Nevertheless, there has been a sharp fall in the stocks of some of the Argentine railway Companies. The ordinary stock of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario

Company fell 4, to 121, and that of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern 1, to 155. Mexican Railway stocks, on the other hand, advanced during the week, the Ordinary 2½, to 46½, and the Second Preference ½, to 78½.

In American railroad securities there have been a good many fluctuations, yet the changes at the end of the week are not considerable in many cases. On Monday, and especially on Tuesday, there was a sharp advance, followed by a considerable decline on Wednesday. The fluctuations are entirely due to manipulation. The investing public on both sides of the Atlantic hold aloof from the market. Speculators in New York, however, appear to be hopeful that the public after a while will be attracted. The decline on Tuesday and Wednesday there was due partly to the New Year's holiday, and partly to the failure of Bateman & Co., bankers and stock-brokers, who had been financing the Atlantic and Danville Railroad Company, in connexion with British capitalists. It will be recollected that the most powerful of these had to obtain assistance some months ago, and it is possible that the New York failure may lead to fresh difficulties here. For the week, in spite of all, the changes are generally in an upward direction. Erie Ordinary Shares have advanced ½, to 19½; Lake Shore ½, to 113½; Louisville ½, to 74½; New York Central Shares 1, to 104; Northern Pacific Preferred 1½, to 65½; Philadelphia and Reading Four per Cent. Bonds 1½, to 80½; but Union Pacific shares have fallen ½, to 43½.

The widest fluctuations of the week have been in Brewery shares, due to the Dublin failure commented upon above. Guinness Ordinary closed on Christmas Eve at 313, fell on Monday to 301, and closed on Wednesday at 308½, a fall for the week of 4½. Allsopp Ordinary, though they fell sharply on Monday, closed on Wednesday at 45, a rise of 2 for the week. In Salt Union shares, owing to the unfavourable report, there is a fall for the week of ½, to par, and in De Beers mining shares there is a rise of nearly ½, to 17, and Primitiva Nitrates have fallen ½, to 7½.

THE LOUIS TUSSAUD EXHIBITION.

THE relics of Mr. Stanley and his expeditions have been ruthlessly swept away from the precincts of the Victoria Gallery in Regent Street, and an exhibition of wax-works has taken the place of a show which until lately was sufficiently popular. Mr. Louis Tussaud is a great-grandson of the famous old lady whose career in the French Revolution was so singular and mysterious, and whose artistic talent enabled her to build up a fortune in England, and to eclipse the fame of Mrs. Salmon, which in the last century, and indeed until 1810, attracted thousands annually to the show-rooms by St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, "and where," according to Pennant, "Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Cook, and Alexander the Great were such exact resemblances to nature that it was impossible to believe they belonged to the family of art."

When the celebrated Exhibition in Baker Street migrated to the Marylebone Road and changed hands, popular sympathy went with the "old folks," and therefore young Mr. Tussaud has been correspondingly cheered and encouraged by Londoners in his Regent Street venture. Small beginnings sometimes lead to big results. Mr. Louis Tussaud has distinctly artistic taste and talent, and he has grouped his figures dramatically, with excellent effect, on small stages, appropriately embellished with scenery. This was precisely what was wanting in Baker Street, where the figures had a sort of *carte de visite* pose of isolation. If wax-work is to continue popular, like Poor Jo it must "move on" and progress. M. Grévin understood this when he opened his show on the Boulevards a few years since, and made "Madame Tussaud" tremble in her shoes. The laurels were no longer hers. In Paris wax-work has made a distinct step forward, and the picturesque and realistic groups of figures pleased much more than the solitary ones, which stood staring into space on their gilded pedestals. The new wax-work exhibition is on the Grévin system. We have excellently modelled groups of Royal, artistic, ecclesiastical, literary, musical, and political persons in their garments even as they live and lived. We behold the Prince and Princess of Wales at home at Sandringham. Mr. Gladstone is seen enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Gladstone in his library, Mme. Patti can be seen practising her inimitable singing at Craig y Nos, and Mr. Irving rehearsing Faust to the Margaret of Miss Terry on the stage of the Lyceum; whilst Mr. Wyndham, in the actual garments he wore as David Garrick, fills a bumper to the health of Miss Mary Moore as Ada Ingot. We cannot say we take great interest in the realistic reproduction of the abode of Mrs. Pearcey, or in the identical perambulator in which she dragged her victims through the streets of Hampstead. This sort of thing is objectionable and morbid, and we hope will not be repeated in a show which contains such pretty things as the delightful illustrations to popular fairy tales in the "Children's Gallery." Here the wax people are at home and at their best, and here every little boy and girl in London ought to be taken to see one of the prettiest exhibitions imaginable. They will find all their time-honoured favourites "at home"—Puss in Boots and Little Red Riding Hood, Sleeping Beauty and Prince Charming, not to mention Cinderella and her sisters, Aladdin and his lamp, and Blue Beard.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

IF, as the song says, "it is always the darkest the hour before dawn," we are sure of a bright and jovial new year. Meanwhile, with the frosts, the fogs, and the general suffering, it is only the most sanguine temperaments who can revel in the pleasures of hope. But it is an evil wind that blows good to nobody. Doctors, undertakers, visiting and sick nurses are having a blissful and busy season. And even the classes who are loud in their complaints are strangely forgetful of make-weights and compensations. Take the artists, for example. We gather from the letters *à propos* to the proposed railway through St. John's Wood that upwards of five thousand of the æsthetic confraternity are resident in that district alone. They have all been grumbling, and not altogether without reason. The art markets have been dull latterly, and now, if they stick to colours, instead of condescending to "black and white," they must sit with crossed hands in darkened studios in the spring tide of Christmas bills. They ought to remember that there is no climate like that of England for developing those gifts of the grandest genius to which they all lay legitimate claim. We may go into raptures over the glories of the Renaissance—and no doubt there is much to be said for the masterpieces of the Italian and Spanish schools—but were we to be frank, we should declare we were weary of the monotony of the cloudless skies with their eternal sunshine that canopy the Madonnas and the "Marriages of Cana." If Claude Lorraine had stuck to his original *métier* of a pastrycook, turning out his *pâtés* and tarts from moulds made to a pattern, he could hardly have been more monotonous. Salvator struck out something of an original line among the cliffs and gloomy gorges of the Apennines, but Salvator had only a single sky effect in the happy chance of a thunderstorm. Even Rembrandt, in the grey mists of his native Low Countries, would fall back for variety of lights and shadows on the smoky interior of a butcher's shop, with raw legs of mutton swinging in the foreground. It is only in England we can train a Turner to be worshipped by a Ruskin. Nor need he travel down to the mining districts or the coal country. If he can indulge himself with a Sunday at Brighton, the journey back to town is pregnant with suggestions. He starts in one of the sea-fogs which Turner has idealized in drawings of Dover and Hastings Castles. Through smoke and steam and mephitic vapours he threads stations and tunnels to the sound of fog signals, and finally he emerges from the vaulted Inferno of Victoria into the Stygian lividness of a yellow fog, faintly illuminated by the twinkling gas-lamps. The genius of a Dante or of a Michael Angelo would have found fresh inspiration in these diabolical surroundings.

But comparatively few of us are artists with noble aspirations, and it really becomes a serious question whether London, with its growing population and prosperity, is not predestined to go out in its own smoke. Already, with its five millions of inhabitants, it is something like Mrs. Oliphant's "Beleaguered City." Friends from the country, where occasionally there is a day of sunshine, shrink from venturing in to town; for when they have got in after heart-breaking detention, they are in similar case with Sterne's starling, it is a grave question how they are to get out. City men who live in what used to be called the suburbs, are in still more melancholy condition. They may be landed in embarrassments or insolvency by missing important appointments, or they may be summarily dismissed from situations for chronic unpunctuality. The wear and tear of mind and body must be tremendous, and we only marvel that there is not a multiplication of inquests with verdicts of suicide under temporary insanity. In the London of the future, with its ten or fifteen millions, the citizens must apparently be in an inextricable dilemma. Either they must live ten or fifteen miles from their offices, which will be out of the question in the thickening volumes of smoke, or they must find accommodation near the business centres, which will be impossible. If we had only anthracite to burn, like the New Yorkers, we might be content to put up with their blizzards. But like the Roman virgin who was crushed under the shower of golden bracelets, it seems likely we shall be stifled in the coal smoke which has made England the workshop of the world.

The London shopkeepers have been complaining with more immediate reason than the painters. It is hard to lay in a stock of fancy goods, with the assurance of seeing them sold at fancy prices, and then to sit down metaphorically in sackcloth, and literally in fog, to mourn over the absence of expected customers, and meditate upon bills falling due with no ready money to meet them. Economy and parsimony are sure to make the most of a dark Christmas. No one is bound to go abroad to buy costly Christmas gifts when coughs or bronchitis can be supposed to keep him at home, and when it is impossible to match delicate tints, or even to tell the difference between ebony and ivory. Nor is there any call on the economist to buy new clothes when garments of every kind are incrustated with grime, when even those who are most fastidious as to their persons begin to forswear the cleanliness which comes next to godliness. Nansen, in *The First Crossing of Greenland*, speaks apologetically of the state of hideous filth which became second nature to the hardy adventurers; with hard-frozen sponges of a morning, and the friendly gloom which covers all shortcomings, we are fast approximating to a similar state of things. But there is a good time coming for the tailors and dressmakers, when the unlucky purveyors of unprofitable knick-knacks shall be resigning themselves to a clearance with alarming sacrifices. There will be a

boom among the makers of all manner of raiment when, with the return of sunshine, we realize the condition to which we have been reduced. Good-natured heads of households will have to draw heavily on their cheque-books when the ladies are reminded that they have "nothing to wear."

On the same principles we doubt whether the canny Scotch thought the railway strike altogether an unmixed evil. When communications with friends at a distance were cut off, the cash that would otherwise have been squandered in frivolities was left to fructify in their pockets. They had a decent excuse for staying quietly at home, practising a hearty but discreet hospitality, instead of running the chance of being snowed up on short commons in blinding drifts in the railway cuttings. Nor do we doubt that the excise has benefited by a generous consumption of whisky. But that there should have been very considerable pressure applied to the community at all, apart from delays in the delivery of coal and minerals, shows the wonderful social changes that have been wrought by the railways. We well remember in our boyhood how two night and two day coaches sufficed for the whole of the land traffic between Perth and Aberdeen. Then the Christmas parcels were somehow stowed away by the red-coated guards in the fore- and the hind-boots of the "Mails" and the rival "Defiances." Then the geese and the poultry seldom travelled further from the farm than the laird's kitchen or the nearest market town. Then the men of Aberdeen and Angus were content to consume their own saddles and sirloins; now one might write an exciting Christmas tale on the ambitions and fortunes of the fatted oxen, who see no little of the world before their demise, and are subsequently glorified on the Southern sideboards. In those benighted days the affectionate youth who left his home went out like the patriarchs from Charran to Canaan, bidding a long farewell to the kindred he left behind. Now, we have been told how the Companies, in the height of the crisis, made something like superhuman efforts to run the holiday and excursion trains. The circulation of the social system has been abnormally stimulated, till even a slight temporary check means paralysis with symptoms of apoplexy. And Heaven only knows what may happen in the future if the public does not back up a combination of capitalists against the agitators who are organizing and controlling the Unions. We may be starved for sheer lack of food and fuel in weather such as we have been lately enjoying. Or a universal collapse of the posts may bring about a financial crisis, which might throw us back for a quarter of a century in the international race, if it did not shake the national credit to its foundation.

REVIEWS.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE.*

MR. GOSSE has produced in his story of the life of his father, the distinguished naturalist, a biographical study of a singularly interesting character. Those who knew Philip Henry Gosse will, we are confident, acknowledge the accuracy, the discernment, and candour of his biographer's portraiture; while the multitude who have delighted in the more popular section of the naturalist's writings will follow Mr. Gosse's animated narrative of his father's remarkable career with natural curiosity. The record reveals the growth of a mind, in circumstances that must have disabled a less vigorous nature, that even when completely developed was peculiarly isolated from the main current of scientific work and thought of his own times. The significance of his attitude is only to be justly estimated by his position among other popular writers on natural history. He stands absolutely companionless among those who have popularized scientific subjects. Many followed his example as imitators, and they, too, have had their successors in the voluble and confident retailers of science at second hand that do now abound. But the popular writings of Philip Henry Gosse were the produce of a scientific mind. Impeded though it was by untoward circumstances, through the twelve years of his exile and wanderings in America, the force that determined him to the pursuit of science was primarily a dominant force, and irresistible. He was an ardent investigator and a successful discoverer in more than one field of research. His contributions to science were considerable, and have received substantial acknowledgment from the world of science. Nor is the solitary position he held to be attributed to any lack of the speculative disposition or to a dislike of controversy. He actually made one speculative venture, as if anticipating the approaching storm, when he published that very ingenious, yet fruitless, volume *Omphalos*. Yet, with all his activity in research and inexhaustible enthusiasm, he outlived the placid pre-Darwinian times, and remained entirely unmoved by the stir occasioned by the successive publication of Darwin's works, and the literature they inspired. What was the secret of this self-centred calm? This is the problem that arouses the reader of Mr. Gosse's interesting book, and it is one that Mr. Gosse has treated with laudable frankness and not less admirable insight.

Philip Henry Gosse was born at Worcester in 1810, the second

* *The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S.* By his Son, Edmund Gosse. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

B

son of Thomas Gosse, a painter of miniatures, and the author of voluminous poetry that was never published. Chance did not throw in the way of the father the amiable Joseph Cottle, that model publisher, though Thomas Gosse pursued his gentle art in most of the towns of the West of England. He is described as "a gentle, melancholy, unupbraiding man," whose artistic work, though "fairly accomplished," did not lead to the enrichment of his family. He had, however, a genuine love for letters, and read the poetry of the day as it appeared. His admiration for Byron was subsequently shared by his son Philip, who has recorded in emphatic language the strong and abiding fascination that *Lara* produced on him. This poem and Rogers's *Jacqueline* appeared originally in the same volume, and were always regarded by Philip Gosse as an ill-assorted couple. "To the close of his days," says Mr. Gosse, "my father used to avow, with rising heat, that it was impertinent of Rogers to pour out his warm water by the side of Byron's wine." Until his seventeenth year Philip Gosse's life was spent at Poole and its neighbourhood. Of his early training in the "dame" schools of "Ma'am Sly" and "Ma'am Drew," and the school of one John Sell, at Poole, he left a curious account, which appeared in *Longman's Magazine* last year. This preparative course of education was succeeded by one year's regular attendance at Blandford school. Philip Gosse describes himself as "a bookish boy." He appears to have read every book he could possess himself of, and his "love for natural history," as an interesting passage in his journal shows, "was very early awakened." Butterflies appear to have first attracted him, and for many years entomology was the study that occupied his leisure. After leaving school he entered a merchant's office at Poole, where he remained for a brief space, until, at the age of seventeen, he sailed for Newfoundland to fill a similar position, very much against his own inclinations.

The story of Gosse's twelve years' sojourning in America is in the main a chronicle of almost continual struggle with adverse fortune. To speak of the vicissitudes of this period were perhaps scarcely correct. From the time he abandoned his connexion with furs and fish at Carbonear and St. Mary's to his return to England in his twenty-ninth year, his worldly estate was decidedly the reverse of prosperous. But, in spite of the fits of depression of which his biographer speaks, it is clear that his elasticity of temperament sustained him through the worst times, and yet more is it certain that the passion for natural history grew with his growth and triumphed over all obstacles. The years were not barren that were devoted to a tolerably rigorous system of self-training. In Newfoundland, as afterwards in Canada, he was a collector and practical naturalist, utilizing his spare time in study and the observation of nature. Uncongenial his position in Carbonear may have been, though it does not seem that his seven years in the colony were years of banishment. Indeed, with the tenacious affection for old scenes and associations that was characteristic of him, Philip Gosse wrote from England to his elder brother in Newfoundland of his old haunts and his "Bay friends" in warm terms, earnestly requesting sketches of his favourite localities. He has left reminiscences of Newfoundland society that are very interesting to read at the present day. The Irish element in the colony was disagreeably active, it would seem, in 1827, and so much dreaded by the Protestants that Philip Gosse came himself under the tyranny which so many felt, yet few openly denounced. How real the distrust was may be seen in the following anecdote:—

It was very largely this dread which impelled me to forsake Newfoundland as a residence in 1835, and I recollect saying to my friends the Jaqueses, "that when we got to Canada we might climb to the top of the tallest tree in the forest and shout 'Irishman!' at the top of our voice without fear."

There was one man, at least, who was not afraid to shout "Irishman!" in another fashion when the Irish party were struggling for a monopoly of legislative power in the colony. This man was Henry Winton, the editor of the *Public Ledger* of St. John's and a friend of Gosse's. "He advocated the colonial cause," says Mr. Gosse, "with wit and courage, and was in consequence greatly hated." The Irish conducted their cause in the "constitutional" spirit that is now familiar enough. They waylaid Winton one night, pinioned him, and cut off his ears. The actual perpetrator of this outrage was well known, though he and the rest of the ruffians escaped punishment. Canada was evidently a pleasanter land to settle in than Newfoundland. In Canada Philip Gosse began farming with abundant courage and energy. To a Dorsetshire friend he wrote, "I am now become such a farmer that I believe I could smack a whip with ere a chap in the county o' Dorset." Hard as the work of farming proved to be, he worked assiduously at his entomology of the country, and became a corresponding member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. But he was compelled to sell his farm three years later, and once more the world was all before him and a fresh choice of road to be made. "As a monetary speculation, he had done deplorably," Mr. Gosse observes; "he was twenty-eight years of age, and he was not possessed, when all his property was told, of as many pounds." This period was, indeed, his "winter of pale misfeature." Readers of the *Canadian Naturalist* will be greatly interested in a passage from the journals of Philip Gosse, quoted by his son (p. 106), descriptive of the discovery of a new thistle. Marvellous is this description, and not less marvellous the enthusiastic tones of the naturalist, who there shows that the study of nature was, to him at least, its own exceeding great

reward. "The unflagging note of triumph" Mr. Gosse observes in his father's journals offers a piquant contrast to "the patient record of poverty, fatigue, and deferred hope" of which his correspondence tells.

Philip Gosse's last year in America was spent—in ill health and depression—in Alabama, where he had been appointed master of a school, and found the new occupation not incompatible with the collection and classification of the butterflies of the district. Some vivid and amusing pictures of society in the South are extracted from his journals. But the last months of his sojourn in Alabama were marked by intense despondency and ill health, combined with a manifestation of "fresh religious zeal." For a while he appears to have contemplated labouring with the Methodists instead of sailing to England, though, happily, he was speedily convinced that his school must be given up, and he must return to England. "He was completing his twenty-ninth year," remarks Mr. Gosse, "and he had not chanced yet on the employment for which alone he was fitted; but he had unconsciously gone through an excellent apprenticeship for it." The justice of this observation is amply sustained by the remaining portion of the biography, in which the career of Philip Gosse as a man of letters and of science is set forth, together with interesting particulars of his connexion with the scientific world and the Royal Society, with Darwin, Kingsley, Professor Ray Lankester, and other prominent men. When once he had succeeded in finding a publisher, Mr. Van Voorst, for his first book, *The Canadian Naturalist*, he settled down to the production of the long series of popular writings by which he is so widely known. A visit to Jamaica, at the instance of the British Museum authorities, resulted in two of his most delightful books, *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica* and *The Birds of Jamaica*. For the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge he wrote many admirable books. Among them *The Ocean*, one of his most popular works. Some few years later, in 1849, he began his microscopic investigation of the *Rotifera*, which eventually led to important results, and in 1852 he commenced the systematic study of British zoophytes, which ultimately inspired his *Actinologia Britannica* and *A Year at the Shore*.

The two works last named followed, with others of Philip Gosse's most important writings, the publication, in 1857, of *Omphalos*, upon which the author based certain large expectations that were not realized. Mr. Gosse has treated this critical event in his father's life with courage and candour. He speaks of this "Attempt to untie the Geological Knot" as an "unlucky failure." He prints a remarkable letter to the author from Charles Kingsley, of which it is difficult to decide whether the cruelty of its logic or the kindness of its tone is the more conspicuous. There is some danger, though the risk is very remote, we admit, that an uninstructed person might take up this very singular volume and confuse Philip Gosse's aims with certain more modern and exceedingly tedious essays that propose to "reconcile" religion and science—to use a loose but convenient phrase. On this subject we will quote Mr. Gosse:—

The word "reconcile" is scarcely the right one, because the idea of reconciliation was hardly entertained by my father. He had no notion of striking a happy mean between his impressions of nature and his convictions of religion. If the former offered any opposition to the latter, they were swept away. The rising tide is "reconciled" in the same fashion to a child's battlements of sand along the shore.

To a man whose religious faith was, as Mr. Gosse well puts it, an invulnerable armament, no result of scientific research, be the authority that proclaims it or the evidence that establishes it what it may, can appear inconsistent with religious truth as it is revealed to his spiritual nature. Thus it happened that Philip Gosse in his Devonshire home lived hard by Kent's Cavern, yet manifested no concern whatever in the memorable revelations which the labours of Mr. Pengelly and Mr. Edward Vivian brought to light. In his nature, as his son remarks, the element of awe was a powerful subjugating influence; and not less powerful was the spirit of reverence that dominated his attitude towards nature. In the intensity of this reverence there was something Wordsworthian, something of poetic exaltation, the source of which evades the scientific analyst and is not to be traced to his early training. His position among men of science of his time may perhaps be not inaptly illustrated by a passage from a volume of *Lectures on Pathology* by Sir James Paget. It was observed by Albinus, and observed "with admiration," that "with infants long before their birth the epidermis is thicker on the palms and soles of the feet than on any other part of the body." Upon this observation the modern scientific comment is "We are naturally inclined to attribute this to the inherited effects of long-continued use and pressure." Now Philip Henry Gosse was "naturally" incapable of such a deduction as this, which seemed so inevitable to Darwin.

BAIL UP.*

AUSTRALIA is good hunting-ground for the novelist. The country is not so over-populated but that the savage virtues of courage and hospitality find room on its soil. The new climate, landscape, beasts, and birds, the native blacks, the gold-diggers, the squatters, are all pleasant subjects. Mr. Hume Nisbet, in *Bail Up*, has made rather too much than too little of

* *Bail Up*. By Hume Nisbet. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

these advantages. His narrative never breaks into a trot; it is always at a rather breathless gallop. He has adventures with blacks, Chinese, bushrangers, squatters; and almost the only thing we regret in his novel is the universal villainy of his characters. His hero has been forced by wrong into the life of the bushranger. It is difficult for a bushranger to keep the flag unstained by crime, like Tom Sawyer, when he played at being a pirate. Mr. Nisbet keeps Raikes's hands as clean as possible; but Raikes never becomes so sympathetic as Mr. Boldrewood's knights of the road and minions of the moon. He has a most abandoned and murderous partner, a kind of Chinese John Silver, who breaks the Seventh as well as the Sixth Commandment. A peculiarly ferocious cannibal is another character; there is also a depraved, hypocritical, Dissenting minister, a villain more than common scoundrelly, and it is difficult to name a sympathetic or agreeable character in the whole legend. Parents who think *Bail Up* likely to be a nice book for boys had better read it first; after that they can act with their eyes open and on their own responsibility. Never have more adventures, it is certain, fallen to the adventurous. Freemasonry plays a great part in the book, and it seems that even the Australian blacks, whom we like much better than the "so-called white men," are elementary freemasons. The statement has been made before, and in fiction only, and is certainly curious. It were easy to enumerate all the perils by land and water and fire, by revolver and knife, in prison and out of prison, through which the persons come triumphantly, though by no means without stains on their characters. Perhaps the most vivid scenes are in the cave among the blacks and in the Chinese gambling den. These are vivid, indeed; but no one can complain that the other passages are sketched in monochrome. As far as vigour goes, Mr. Nisbet has almost too much, and might be counselled to handicap himself a little in any new venture. He is too successful in what was the Fat Boy's ambition as a narrator, and too frequently makes our blood run cold. We could gladly have dispensed with his cannibal. However, readers who are not children of culture will probably read the book to the end, though they may find a small dose of the excitement enough at a time. If Mr. Nisbet chooses characters a trifle more sympathetic and a little less imbrued in crime, he may produce a novel which people of taste will prefer to the rather crude entertainment supplied in *Bail Up*. There is no doubt at all that Mr. Nisbet can tell a story, and that he has a fund of stories to tell. So we may wish him what the Archbishop wished Gil Blas, "a little more taste" and a little more carefulness. To put too much into a novel is always a rather favourable sign of an author's ability. Mr. Nisbet has, doubtless, a wealth of colonial knowledge, and sows it with the sack, like Pindar, not with the hand.

NOVELS.*

WHEN that popular and excellent farce-opera, *The Sorcerer*, was commanding the attention of the play-going public, Mr. George Grossmith enchanted all beholders and laid firmly the foundations of his subsequent popularity by the excellent conception of a sorcerer in ordinary clothes and with the manners of a most ordinary tradesman. The hero of *A Daughter of the Pyramids* is even such a one as he. It is true that Mr. Raymond Guest's eyes sometimes flash mysteriously, and that his expressive features occasionally take a look of frenzied and appalling passion. These lapses from the commonplace are, however, satisfactorily short and far between—especially short. None the less was he a perfectly genuine and uncompromising sorcerer. He could and did "raise you hosts of ghosts, gibbering, grim, and ghastly." Then his final doom was as complete as Mr. Grossmith's in the play, differing from it chiefly by the development of the red fire at the expense of the trade circulars. An impartial street bard sang a year ago concerning the widow Maybrick, "But if so be she done it, why that upsets the case, And Bogey he will push her up the flue." It seems to have been rather down than up the flue that Bogey pushed (or pulled) Mr. Raymond Guest; but that Mr. Guest "done it," and that "that upset the case," there can be no manner of probable, possible doubt whatever. Before this catastrophe, however, which was naturally postponed to vol. iii. p. 310 (out of 315), he led Mr. Herries, a sceptical surgeon, who narrates the story, a long and merry dance. They met in Paris, and even there the legion of Spooks whom Guest had brought partially under his control, did many good tricks, from wither-

ing and revivifying the flower in a gentleman's coat to striking a scientific man with lightning so that he very nearly died. Thence Guest and Herries, with some others, proceeded to Egypt, especially Thebes, and the larks which went on in that home of mystery, and culminated in the triumph of Bogey, already recorded, must be studied by those who would know their details in "Leith Derwent's" cheery pages. At the time of these occurrences Guest was more than five thousand years old, but how much more is not clear. He had at one time passed for an Egyptian by the name of Miamun, and in that capacity had had to do with Nitocris, the "daughter of the Pyramids." This latter personage had, as far as can be made out, not survived, but been re-incarnated, in the person of a commonplace little flirt called Miss Vivian, and beloved of Herries. Guest, as Miamun, had loved Nitocris some thousands of years before, and as Guest he loved Miss Vivian sufficiently to propose that, by partaking of an aerial elixir prepared by him, she should assure to herself some centuries of radiant youth, and devote them to his (Guest's) entertainment. She objected—funkt, to put it plainly—and then it was that Bogey got his chance. The working out of this device involved in some unexplained way that Guest should by his sorceries murder an Arab boatman and an old woman, Miss Vivian's sheep-dog, passing for her mother, and also drive mad a British "Juggins" by whom he was "financed," and whose name and style were Sir Edward Lyly, Bart. It is all extremely absurd, and never gives the reader the least fraction of any sort of thrill, though it is obviously intended to be grim, and to excite horror; but it, nevertheless, contrives to be a cheerful, bustling kind of story, which one reads not without amusement.

As for Mr. Manville Fenn's *A Double Knot*, its title does not at all do it justice. It certainly contains a more or less coherent story, in which two sisters marry two old men for their money, and a gay young captain, who has successively made violent love to them both, finally marries their cousin, who was brought up with them as if she had been a third sister. This part of the romance is harmless enough, except for the amazing ignorance of how more or less cultivated people behave at dinner-parties and the like, in which Mr. Fenn seems positively to revel. It is, however, all mixed up with another story, which is not only, as far as can be discovered, a mass of absurdities, but also an inextricable tangle. The only thing clear about it is that there were a good man and a wicked man, half brothers, exactly alike, of whom the good man did not know of the bad one's existence, and the bad one habitually per-onated the good one, to his infinite annoyance. Also, that there was a cripple who lived thirty years in a back drawing-room, without ever being seen by any one, sewing patchwork counterpanes, and giving his relations good advice through a hole in the wall. These three, and a good many others, kept up, for an indefinite time, such a tornado of double-shuffle and who's-who that the stoutest brain reels at their contemplation. And over it all is the trail of a mystifying "prologue," wherein a hungry dog was chased through a brickfield with a new-born illegitimate baby in his mouth, and being caught was immediately stoned to death. The baby grew up into the bad man of the two that were just alike. We cannot make head or tail of it.

Bis is the title given by Miss Gerard to a collection of short stories reprinted from *Blackwood* and elsewhere. There are five of them. "Elias of Blotatyn," a story of a Polish Jew who bored his young wife until she persuaded him that it was his duty to go and die at Jerusalem, is well conceived and excellently told. In "His Uncle and her Grandmother," an incident of an accidental exchange of coffins, which might easily have been made repulsive, is treated with such skill as to be excessively entertaining. "Magda's Cow" is a story of peasant life, and would either convey no meaning to a "young person," or make her jump out of her skin with horror. Of two remaining tales, one was never worth telling, and the other never within Miss Gerard's lifetime, or for a considerable period before that.

Whoever conscientiously struggles with *Rufin's Legacy* will be tempted to say in his haste that Rufin seems to have dropped a couple of letters out of his name. He was a Russian police officer, and his crime was that he inflicted his legacy on the world, by cutting his throat to prevent a female theosophist from forcing him by occult devices to reveal all he knew about her and her sinful proceedings. What he knew did not come to much more than that she was a murderess and a kidnapper of souls—possibly also of bodies by way of transmigration, but on this point he was never clear, nor are we. His legacy consisted of a volume of notes, and he left it to a thick-headed Englishman. The legatee then began a labyrinthine and interminable hunting of the Snark, with the object of exterminating the female theosophist. Heaps of detectives, amateur and professional, and a young woman who had (probably) had her soul stolen (though it does not appear what "Madame," as the theosophist was called, had done with it), joined in the chase, and pursued it for a certain time in wild confusion. Whether they succeeded in exterminating Madame we know no more than we know what became of the man they called "Ho" when he vanished away in consequence of the Snark being a Boojum. But some of them saw a person, who either was or seemed at some time to have been Madame, go through the form of dying. It was only by a happy fluke that they were enabled to do so much, for they were a stupid and shiftless set, all liable to have fits at any inconvenient time, and singularly capable of missing their tips, and getting into tight

* *A Daughter of the Pyramids*. By Leith Derwent, Author of "A Daughter of Dives" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1890.

A Double Knot. A Novel. By George Manville Fenn, Author of "Eli's Children" &c. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Bis. By E. Gerard, Author of "The Land Beyond the Forest" &c. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

Rufin's Legacy: a Theosophical Romance. By W. Gerrare. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Maitland of Lauriston: a Family History. By Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett-Smith), Author of "Sheila" &c. London and Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1891.

The Schooner "Merry Chanter". By Frank R. Stockton, Author of "Rudder Grange" &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Scot Free. A Novel. By C. G. Compton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

places. Two young women died of the pursuit, including the affianced bride of the legatee.

Miss Annie Swan's ideas of story-telling seem to be to some extent founded on those of Miss Yonge. *Maitland of Laurieston* resembles almost any one of Miss Yonge's more important works in the following particulars. It is all about a Christian family. It is extremely long. It is highly domestic, and as trivial as is consistent with a handsome allowance of deaths and marriages. It differs from its models in being so dull that it could hardly attract any one, and will certainly never be popular. The eldest son of the Laurieston family determined to be a metaphysician and moral philosopher, because he pined after knowledge—which shows how little he knew of metaphysics and moral philosophy. The consequence was that he became an Agnostic, but married a godly wife, and they had a baby, and it walked into a river, and was drowned. This did not soften his heart at all; but when his wife put a text on its gravestone "an intolerable agony of desire took possession of his soul," and he became a kind of Christian, with hopes of improvement. It is all very poor stuff indeed.

The Schooner "*Merry Chanter*" is in Mr. Stockton's original style. A young couple become possessed of an old schooner, and presently find themselves on board of her, with, of course, a company of surprising and most entertaining people gathered round them out of the Ewigkeit. Some readers will like one and some another of these books. Our own preference is for *Mrs. Lecks* and *Mrs. Aleshine*; but there are those who hold *Rudder Grange* to be unequalled; there may be persons sufficiently depraved to have fixed their affections on that most immoral and inartistic "sequel," the *Dusantes*; and some will doubtless be found to award the palm to the *Merry Chanter*. Anyhow, Mr. Stockton's hand has not lost its cunning.

Mr. Compton's novel entitled *Scot Free* is engrossing from its trenchant, terse, and often epigrammatic style; but, on the other hand, we are annoyed to see so much excellent work expended on the proving of a theory (evidently entertained by the author, and to which he apparently attaches an undue amount of importance) that the two main essentials of a story are truthfulness and vividness. The work reminds one of some careful picture by a skilful painter of a child, a puppy, and a pot of jam; or of an ingenious photograph, exhibited amongst a number of imaginative paintings, of "Saturday night in the Borough Road." That is to say, the technical part of the work is accurate and admirable, but the subject matter for the most part irritatingly commonplace. The author, in order to establish his pet theory, has determined to ensnare the interest of his reader—against his will and judgment—in the daily life, the loves and shortcomings of an utterly uninteresting class of people—the rivals for the heroine's hand being a private tutor and a wine-merchant's traveller. The author comes forward like a conjurer who proposes to interest and beguile you with no apparatus but a black bottle and a potato. Such challenges are always provoking, and especially so when, as in this case, the entertainer is successful and his audience is compelled to admit that its attention has been unwillingly captured.

Mr. Compton describes, at elaborate length, the domestic life in Bayswater of his characters, and just as his details threaten to grow tedious—though, from their vividness, they never absolutely become so—he startles the reader with a tragedy; the murder, in fact, of the wine-merchant lover. But he has too much good literary taste to treat this startling incident from the "shilling shocker" or "Fergus Hume" point of view; and it is valuable to observe how far more interesting a description of a melodramatic occurrence of this nature is, when described in a thoroughly natural and unmelodramatic manner. There is a very cleverly written scene, in about the middle of the book, where the heroine discovers suddenly that she is in love with the tutor, and not with the wine merchant. She and the young scholar are sculling together on the Thames, and they are compelled, by a storm, to seek shelter under some close foliage on the river's bank:—

On the water the fine rain fell with a thin sound scarcely perceptible, cutting the surface into minute ever-changing circles. For some time there passed a succession of boats, pulled by seasoned crews wrapped in mackintosh, quite prepared for wet, and determined to reach their evening quarters. Launches crowded with pleasure-seekers, damp, but cheery, rushed by, showing a mass of umbrellas, with here and there a bright patch of holiday garment amid sombre cloaks. Before long the passers became fewer, with long intervals between them. A party of trippers, rowing in no time and steering by light of nature, the boat well across stream, dropped down riskily, the sound of their wrangling a signal of danger for upward-bound boats. . . .

"Let's wait and talk; I haven't had a good talk since I saw you last. By-the-by, Austin, why do people object to talking?"

"Which people?"

"Carlyle's one."

"He was a great talker, and wanted all the talk to himself."

"People in general."

"They object because they can't talk, and they're bored by one another and jealous of those who can talk. The English have the faculty of speech, but not the art of conversation."

"Austin, you must publish your reflections! Why are they usually unfavourable to your countrymen?"

"I do them justice when I can. In business and religion they're remarkable, particularly in bringing business into religion, and keeping religion out of business."

Agnes smiled, and said nothing. A sudden longing for quiet seized her—a longing that arose from the sense of silence and solitude suggested by the unfamiliar aspect of a familiar scene. Something indefinable, imperceptible, impressed her with a peculiar conviction of happiness which could

endure recognition. It was not due to the murmur of the rain among the leaves, nor to the dim light of her shelter, nor to the vapour-clad river, nor to the curtained hills, nor certainly to Austin. Yet the feeling had been growing for some time, creeping steadily into her being, and now pervaded her consciousness. Except that she felt happier than she had ever felt, there was nothing distinctive in this mood, nothing to separate it sharply from her ordinary range of feeling, nothing dreamy, nothing narcotic in it, only a sense of suffused happiness and a heightened delicacy of perception.

It is refreshing, in these days of amateur supremacy, to find a book constructed and put together—as *Scot Free* is—in a thoroughly craftsmanlike manner. Although we are not familiar with his writings, we should imagine that Mr. Compton had in some way been—to borrow a phrase from the slang of the calling with which his name is identified—"through the mill." There are many examples of humour throughout the book—notably in the evidence of Mr. Arthur Mulhall Polhill, B.Sc., analytical chemist, at the inquest held on the body of the murdered lover. There is plenty of smart dialogue and a good deal of pleasantly disguised philosophy. Mr. Compton has evidently been a disciple both of Mr. Matthew Arnold and of Mr. George Meredith. Now that he has successfully accomplished the feat of investing the commonplace with interest, we trust Mr. Compton will shortly show what he can do with more attractive material.

MR. SAINTSBURY'S ESSAYS.*

READERS of Mr. Saintsbury's critical contributions during the last four or five years to *Macmillan's Magazine* will welcome the republication of this interesting series of literary monographs in the volume before us. Their claim to collection is founded on an artistic no less than a chronological unity of subject, for the thirteen men of letters with whom they deal may be said to give a typical representation, if not indeed to exhaust, the list of those writers who between the years 1780 and 1860 attained high, while falling short of the highest, distinction in English literature. "While every one of them," to quote their critic's own words, "was a man of great literary power, hardly one has been by general consent, or except by private crotchet would be, put among the very greatest. They stand not far below, but distinctly below, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats." The general correctness of this appreciation is indisputable, and as such it is a sufficient defence both of the selection and the subsequent collection of Mr. Saintsbury's subjects. Jeffrey, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Lockhart, and the rest of them are "distinctly below" the six great writers whom he has mentioned; but whether their inferiority is in every case personal, and not ordinal, is less clear. If poetry be a higher and more beautiful order of art than prose—as will not, we presume, be denied—it is natural that eminence in the former order should overtop relatively equal eminence in the latter; and it is to be noted that, of Mr. Saintsbury's six *Di majores*, four wrote poetry alone, while a fifth, Coleridge, lives for posterity as a poet only. Only, therefore, in the case of Crabbe, Hogg, Moore, and Præd is the comparison with men of the "first flight" a fair one; and, though for our part we would much more willingly part with several thousands of Wordsworth's lines than with as many hundreds that we could name of Crabbe's, we are free to admit that neither he nor his three companions can sustain that comparison. But we may perhaps doubt whether men like De Quincey and Hazlitt were inferior, say, to Wordsworth and Coleridge in any other sense than that in which the leading prose-writers of any age will always be deemed inferior, save in rare intervals of poetic sterility, to the chief poets of the same era. May it not be a question between them rather of popular fame than of literary gifts? And shall we not find if we inquire that *colito viui per ora virum* has almost always been the posthumous anticipation, not of the prose-writer, but of the poet?

Enough, however, on this point. If Mr. Saintsbury assigns, or appears to assign, a slightly lower place in the literary table of precedence to the subjects of his essays than we should have been disposed to give them, it is assuredly from no lack of appreciation either of their respective or of their relative merits. His study of each of them is invariably acute and sympathetic, and, in some instances, he may fairly claim, we think, to have given a more complete estimate of the genius and achievement of the particular writer whom he is examining than any critic who has preceded him. This, we think, is especially the case with the paper on Hazlitt, which is, perhaps with one exception, the best in the volume. The great critic has naturally furnished Mr. Saintsbury with a subject after his own heart, and his treatment of it is a model of acute critical insight in its penetration into the recesses of a perversely complex character, and of admirable impartiality in the balancing of its defects and merits.

Another excellent specimen of the writer's workmanship is the essay on Leigh Hunt, whose genuine, if thin, vein of poetic quality is justly and skilfully traced through that singular matrix of vulgarity and commonplace in which it is imbedded. In the essays on Crabbe and Hogg, as in those on Sydney Smith and Jeffrey, there is little, perhaps, to detain us. They are sound and sensible, all of them; but the point of view is, no doubt, necessarily in each case a familiar one, and the criticism serves rather to confirm

* *Essays on English Literature, 1780-1860.* By George Saintsbury. London: Percival & Co. 1890.

the existing impressions of an appreciative student of the two poets, the critic, and the humourist, than to deepen or add to them. Mr. Saintsbury's treatment of Moore, however, undoubtedly deserves the credit of courage. He has not stinted, though he cannot be accused of exaggerating, his praise of a poet whose matchless "vocalization," if we may borrow from a sister art the only phrase which serves to distinguish Moore's peculiar gift from that of greater poets, has of late years been somewhat unjustly undervalued. On this unique and characteristic excellence of his we meet with the undoubtedly true, and, we fancy, novel, observation, that "it is impossible to deny the existence of some peculiar musical music in poetry, which is distinct from poetical music, though it may co-exist with or be separated from it, and which is independent both of technical musical training, and even of what is commonly called 'ear' in the poet." That Moore possessed this gift in the highest degree is, we agree with Mr. Saintsbury, undeniable, and even if his poetry had far less intrinsic merit of the purely poetical kind than it has, it would go far of itself to give his verse that distinction which we never fully appreciate except on a comparison of his lyrics with those of his many imitators.

On Peacock and Borrow—two eccentrics as unlike as it is possible for men united by a common bond of eccentricity to be—Mr. Saintsbury writes with equal sympathy, a feat which alone would prove much for the catholicity of his tastes. The essay on Lockhart is by far the fullest and most discriminative account we have of an accomplished man of letters, who may be said to be the victim at once of his greatest subject and his greatest achievement. Mr. Boswell's *Hypochondriac* and his *Account of Corsica* are not, it is true, quite as good as *Peter's Letter to his Kinsfolk*; but, if they had been even better, they would stand little chance of being remembered by the side of the *Life of Johnson*. Lockhart's writings have been in like manner extinguished by his one masterpiece of biography; and those who are familiar with them will feel grateful for this, the most appreciative of the all too infrequent recognitions which they have received from contemporary criticism. Of De Quincey Mr. Saintsbury is a warm—as regards some of his pieces, we think, a too warm—admirer; but he metes out stern enough justice on the exasperating perversities with which it pleased the Opium-eater deliberately to mar some of his best work. He entertains a higher opinion than we do of some of De Quincey's wonderfully multifarious array of faculties—notably, or so it seems to us, of his metaphysical gifts, which, considerable as they were, it is surely extravagant to compare with those of either Hamilton or Mansel—and, on the other hand, he seems to us a little to under-rate De Quincey's humour. We concede to him all he says of its far too frequent puerilities, and we agree with him in heartily regretting many of the attempts to be funny by which De Quincey's serious pieces of writing are continually disfigured. But still we think that very few of them deserve that last and worst of condemnation, that of having been manufactured in cold blood, and of resembling what Sir Walter admirably calls in another case the "forced impudence of a bashful man." To grin through a horse-collar of malice prepense—and not in obedience to a sort of irresistible Delphic inspiration—is a crime of which we cannot hold De Quincey guilty. The very untimeliness of his sallies appears to us to afford proof of their spontaneity, and our consciousness of this is shown, we think, in the fact that one of De Quincey's pieces of sudden foolery in the middle of a serious essay seldom fails—when it is good of its kind—to compel the amusement even of those whose artistic proprieties and sense of fitness are the most gravely outraged by it.

We must pass by the remarkably thoughtful and acute essay on Wilson—the exception to which we referred in classing that on Hazlitt as only not the best in the volume—as also the deeply interesting investigation of whether Lockhart had a hand in Hogg's *Confessions of a Sinner*, in order to say a word or two on the new matter which has been added to the volume. In the introductory paper on "The Kinds of Criticism" Mr. Saintsbury takes what we agree with him in regarding as the strongest, if not the only tenable, position for a critic of literature. We may define it as midway between the scientific or quasi-scientific school of criticism—for he is unquestionably right in denying that the art in question can be treated, save by an abuse of language, scientifically—and the impressionist school. That is to say, he acknowledges that in the last resort the appeal must be to the individual taste, and that all the "science" and all the eloquence in the world will not make men appreciate what they have no taste for; while at the same time he holds that it is not enough to appeal to the individual taste alone, but that it is the business of the critic to enable himself, out of a wide acquaintance with the best literature of all countries, and a catholic appreciation of what is best in all, to give a reasoned explanation, at any rate, of his own impression of the merit of a given writer, and therewith a justification of the rank which he, the critic, would propose to assign to him in literature. That this is the most useful and helpful way of exercising the critical function is unquestionable; though of how much use it is capable of being, and what amount of help it is likely to render to those who need the critic's instruction, is a point on which much difference of opinion exists. That taste is susceptible of cultivation and direction by others is a verity no less certain, though unfortunately of much more limited application, than its melancholy opposite truth, that an immense amount of consciously or unconsciously fictitious taste is apt to be generated in the cultivating process. Upon our view as to the relative proportion of these products will largely depend our estimate of the practical

value of the art of criticism as practised on Mr. Saintsbury's lines. But of the pleasure which can be bestowed upon an intelligent reader by this mode of practising it there ought to be no difference of opinion at all. And there will be none, we think, in the mind of any student of these eminently sane yet stimulating essays who is personally capable—for we must wind up with an impressionist judgment ourselves—of appreciating the superiority of the qualities of this kind of criticism to the pretentious pseudo-science and the windy verbiage which too often pass themselves off under its name.

A LADY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE Honourable Mrs. Osborn, daughter of Viscount Torrington, relict to John Osborn, Esq., and great-niece by marriage of Sir William Temple's charming Dorothy, must, if we are to judge by M. Hyacinthe Rigaud's picture of her, have been almost as attractive personally as Sir Roger de Coverley's beautiful widow. She has distinctly what would have been styled in those days "an elegant shape," her eyes are unquestionably "fine," and the wave in her dark hair has a look more of nature than of art. Her editor and descendant claims for her that she was a person of "conspicuous ability," of "unusual capacity and energy," who, being left a widow at the early age of four and twenty, managed the affairs, first of her son, and then of her grandson, with much judgment and good fortune. She was besides own sister to that luckless Admiral Byng whose untimely fate has been summarized for ever in a sentence of Voltaire. Her letters, "political and social," a selection of which are here reprinted, extend over a chequered period. They begin in 1721, and, with intervals of silence, continue until 1773, or within two years of their author's death. Such a series, under favourable conditions, should be of considerable interest.

Upon the whole, however, we must confess that they are a little disappointing. Mrs. Osborn is not literary like her grand-aunt by marriage (she confuses the Struldbrugs with the Brobdingnagians, speaking of the latter, with additional indignity, as the "Brobdingnags"); and her political utterances do not exhibit any exceptional sagacity. Socially, of course, her utterances, as they could hardly fail to do, illustrate many of the practices and habits of the time. There are the usual evidences of card-playing, the scattered echoes of the "Forty Five," the customary duel by candlelight with the suspicion of foul play, the regulation impromptu marriage, the inevitable gossip of matches that are to be, or might have been, with which the chronicler relieves the tedium of adjusting items of "Coal, Candles, Beer," &c., or the whitewashing and painting of "the Bedchamber drawing-room and antyroom." Here and there a picturesque detail creeps into the record, as when she speaks of the brilliant equipages of "Dutches Portland" and "Lady Montstewart"—"white Coaches, or rather a petit-Gris colour, silk reines and topings [which] cut a most glaring and spreaded (?) appearance"; elsewhere it is a touch of costume:—"Lady Ann has given George a blew and silver coat, and Jack a pink and silver, much too fine for them, at least it were now [1745], when there is not a soul to be seen but in nightgowns [i.e. dressing-gowns] and tears." Costume also plays its part in the following:—"The two brides who make the principal conversation at present are Mr. George Pitt's daughter, bred in convent at Sens, from which Mr. Legonier fetchd her. At present her dress is the wonder of the town, her head a yard high, and filld or rather coverd with feathers to an enormous size, fitter for a Masquerade than a drawingroom. The other is Lady Guidon, who was Miss Wilmot; her headdress is as high, but is built up like a rock with diamonds, and indeed she is so much coverd with jewels that they compare her to a lark wrapped up in crumbs." Neither in pathos nor in humour is Mrs. Osborn particularly strong. Once she takes a conventionally tender note over a bundle of her father's old letters; and once the postscript to one of her epistles to her son is almost comic from the quaint irrelevance of its closing words:—"Lady Pembroke to marry Captain Barnet of the Gards, a very agreeable man, some thousands less than nothing, but her lord left her 1,200*l*. to assist him. Thanks for the cowcumbers."

Mrs. Osborn's records will not be without value to those who are annotating the larger correspondence of her day, as they often supply minute confirmatory data as to prices and other household matters. Meanwhile her own communications might here and there have been annotated with advantage. "Har[r]ison's room," mentioned at p. 21, is of course the Assembly House on the Walks at Bath built for Nash in 1708 by Thomas Harrison, where was the Tompion clock which has the honour of being mentioned both by Steele and Mr. Pickwick. "Gray's poet," in the same letter, is clearly Gay. "He [Gay] is always with the Duchess of Queensberry"—writes Mrs. Bradshaw to Mrs. Howard from Bath in this very year 1721; and, sure enough, only a few lines higher Mrs. Osborn says, "Dutches of Queensborough comes to-night." The mysterious "Chavenix" at p. 73, from whom "two Boxes" have been sent, is probably Mrs. Chenevix the Toywoman, who sold Horace Walpole the little "villakin" by the Thames which he turned into a Gothic castle. Walpole, by the way, was a champion of Mrs.

* *Political and Social Letters of a Lady of the Eighteenth Century, 1721-1771*. Edited by Emily F. D. Osborn. With Four Illustrations. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co

Osborn's brother, the Admiral, whom he endeavoured to save, and in whose behalf he fired off a sarcasm or two in his *Letter to Xa Ho*. "Scrutoire," p. 89, a not unfrequent word in eighteenth-century epistles, is certainly (as suggested) "Escritoire," but Johnson and Bailey spell it "Scrutoire." Finally, the reference to "push pin" at p. 110 suggests some word of explanation, if only to recall the famous caricature by Gillray in which "Old Q." is shown intent upon that ingenuous and now obsolete pastime in company with the beautiful Miss Vanneck.

ELIOT'S FINNISH GRAMMAR.*

THIS volume, sent home from St. Petersburg by one of the most brilliant young philologists whom Oxford has produced of late years, must be considered as a species of diploma publication. Mr. Eliot, having taken every conceivable prize in the world of linguistic competition, and being fairly launched as a budding diplomatist of a new school, issues a book of his own at last, after having read so many by other people. A Finnish grammar can scarcely be said to supply a want, except to a few Swedish missionaries and merchants. With a droll absorption in his subject, Mr. Eliot describes Finnish, as he treats it, as "now recognized as the ordinary vehicle of literary composition," without any further restriction of time and place. We rub our eyes, and ask what have become of English, French, and German, until we realize that our excellent philologist, like Rudel, mistakes the sunflower for the sun, and knows no other horizon for the moment but "the Finnish-Ugric languages." To most educated people Finnish—the abstruse and obscure tongue spoken by those barbarian tribes which generations of Swedish and Russian rule have left ensconced in the woods and round the desolate lakes of Finland—seems remote enough. In point of fact, scarcely an authority on it exists, out of Sweden. But to Mr. Eliot it is an almost childishly easy introduction to other wonderful languages—to Estonian, Syrjénian, and Ostiak, to Vogul, Cheremissian, and Yakut, with all of which Mr. Eliot seems to be on terms of extraordinary familiarity. There is, perhaps, a little touch of pedantry in this parade of tongues, particularly when the author deprecates the possibility of his having committed an error in Samoyede. He need scarcely be alarmed. We undertake not to be too severe on his Cheremissian. Meanwhile his preface suggests that Mr. Eliot would have prevented an historical calamity if he could have been present at the building of the Tower of Babel.

In his introduction, over which he has evidently spared no pains, Mr. Eliot gives us some curious and interesting information. We learn that a craze for introducing native equivalents for the latest modern ideas has taken the Finns, and that the homely vocabulary of the *Kalevala* is now invaded by a host of foreign words. We are interested to be told that, "though Finnish deserves its undesirable reputation of being perhaps the most difficult language spoken in Europe, except perhaps Basque, it seems to be an undoubted fact that the area over which it is spoken is being enlarged at the expense of Russian and Swedish." We wish that Mr. Eliot had explained what are the geographical limits of this area; we suppose, but we are ready to be convinced, that it extends not much north of Uleåborg or east of Lake Orih, and in other directions approaches the sea as closely as the Swedish element will permit. It was, we believe, in the district of which Pielis and Rowkolo are centres that the *Kalevala* was mostly collected. But we were under the impression that pure Finnish was no longer spoken there. If it has recovered ground, and is spreading into the government of Olonetz, we should be glad to hear so explicitly from Mr. Eliot, whose knowledge on all these points is not merely very extensive, but evidently very recent.

In a grammar any sketch of Finnish literature would, perhaps, have been out of place. But the authorities on the entire subject are so few, and the opportunity given by the Clarendon Press such a rare one, that we wish Mr. Eliot had spared a dozen pages to give his volume a completer character. We believe that the earliest printed work in Finnish is Bishop Agricola's translation of the Psalms, published in Stockholm in 1551, a very rare volume of special interest on account of its preface, in which a naïve, but precious, summary is given of the mythology of the Finns. There was no Finnish Bible completed until 1642. The first newspaper in Finland was brought out on the 15th of January, 1771; but we believe that this was wholly in the Swedish. At the centenary of Finnish journalism in 1871, however, it was stated that at that time sixty-one newspapers in the Finnish language had been issued in the country; the number has doubtless vastly increased within twenty years. One of the old ones, *Mehiläinen*, attained a considerable importance. Literature, however, in the proper sense, Finland has scarcely possessed, with the exception of its famous collections of folk-poems, the *Kalevala* and the *Kanteletar*, which have now been known for about half a century. Mr. Eliot gives some extracts from the former, with copious materials for a literal translation, and a more elegant version of his own. We regret that he has not supplied a glossary. His book is a very complete and laborious grammar of the Finnish language, extremely full so far as it goes, but a little wanting in practical utility, and somewhat overloaded with

pedantic detail. Mr. Eliot would deserve well of his country if he would neglect Samoyede and Syrjénian, and give his leisure to the preparation of a really authoritative translation of the *Kalevala*. But why does he spell the name of the Grand Old Man of that epic indifferently Väinöinen and Wainämöinen?

SOME WORKS ON CELTIC LITERATURE.*

WHEN, in 1863, Mr. Freeman published the first volume of his *History of Federal Government*, he had the ill-luck to give the work a title which illustrates George Eliot's saying that prophecy is the most gratuitous form of human error. The title page reads thus:—*A History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States*. Accordingly an American bookseller, a short while back, in advertising a copy of this volume for sale, appended to the entry of the book in his catalogue the following note: "Owing to the fact that the disruption of the United States has been indefinitely postponed, no second volume of this interesting work has ever appeared." Whether the books mentioned in our list can plead any similar excuse we do not know. But the fact remains that the larger number of them are incomplete, and of some we have almost given up expecting to see the completion.

We have delayed more than three years to notice Mr. Whitley Stokes's edition of the *Old-Irish Glosses at Würzburg and Carlsruhe*, of which the second and more important part, containing the Introduction and Glossary, was promised for February 1888, but has not yet appeared. The present part contains only the glosses and translation. We call this the less important part, because all, or almost all, the glosses were previously known through Professor Zimmer's *Glosse Hibernice*. We are not, however, ungrateful to Mr. Stokes. His edition is, in many important points, an advance on that of Zimmer. The glosses are more correctly printed. They are placed by themselves at the foot of the page, instead of being mixed up confusedly with the text. A larger amount of the text which they gloss is given. (We could almost have wished that Mr. Stokes had given the whole. It would have been interesting to students of the Latin versions of the Bible, such as the Bishop of Salisbury and others.) Then the addition of a translation is a great boon, especially to beginners in Old Irish, who have hitherto had only such help as is to be derived from the splendid, but very cumbersome, work of Zeuss. Still it is only when we have a good dictionary of ancient Irish that the material contained in these glosses will be thoroughly available.

It might be fancied that the interest of these glosses would be purely philological. That is, however, by no means wholly the case. Often they throw an interesting side-light on the thoughts and feelings of the writer. Take, for instance, the following gloss on the words "sine intermissione orate" (1 Thess. iv. 17): "What is meant by prayer without ceasing? Some say that it is the saying of the canonical hours; quod non est verum. What, then, is it? It means the subduing of every member to good actions, and the exclusion of bad actions. Then men pray to God quando bonum faciunt." A gloss as creditable to the good sense as it is to the piety of the writer. Very beautiful, too, in its tenderness is the following gloss on "Imitatores mei estote sicut et ego Christi" (1 Cor. xi. 1): "Lest they should think it too great a matter to imitate Christ all at once." Interesting liturgically is the gloss on "unum baptisma" (Eph. iv. 5): "although the immersion is threefold." So on "consepulti ei in baptismo" (Col. ii. 12) the glosser expounds the metaphor thus: "three waves over us in baptism, three days to Him in the sepulchre."

The publication of the *Irish Glosses of the Milan Codex*, by Professor Ascoli, proceeds but slowly. The first number came out in 1878, the last (so far) came out in 1889. To the later numbers Professor Ascoli has attached the beginnings of a glossary; a work which, however desirable in itself, must ne-

* *The Old-Irish Glosses at Würzburg and Carlsruhe*. Edited, with a Translation and Glossarial Index, by Whitley Stokes, D.C.L. Part I. For the Philological Society. 1887.

Il Codice Irlandese dell' Ambrosiana. Editore illustrato da G. I. Ascoli. Rome: Loescher. 1878-89.

Annals of Ulster: a Chronicle of Irish Affairs from A.D. 431 to A.D. 1540. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by W. M. Hennessy, M.R.I.A. Vol. I. A.D. 431-1056. Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1887.

Irische Texte mit Uebersetzungen und Wörterbuch. Herausgegeben von Wh. Stokes und E. Windisch. Zweite Serie. 1. Heft, 1884. 2. Heft. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1887.

The Book of Ballymore. With Introduction, Analysis of Contents, and Index, by Robert Atkinson, M.A., LL.D. Dublin: for the Royal Irish Academy. 1887.

Anecdota Ozoniensia: Cath Finntrága. Edited by Kuno Meyer. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1885.

Merugud Uliz Maice Leirtis: the Irish Odyssey. Edited by Kuno Meyer. London: David Nutt. 1886.

The Passions and the Homilies from the Leabhar Breac. Text, Translation, and Glossary, by Robert Atkinson, M.A., LL.D. Dublin: for the Royal Irish Academy. 1887.

The Text of the Bruts from the Red Book of Hergest. Edited by John Rhys, M.A., and J. Gwenogfryn Evans, Hon. M.A. Oxford: J. G. Evans. 1890.

* *A Finnish Grammar*. By C. N. E. Eliot. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

cessarily delay the completion of the text. And an incomplete glossary is of very small service indeed. One or two of the glosses in the St. Gallen Priscian, which Ascoli has included in his work, illustrate in a different way the human interest of these notes. Thus, where Priscian says (Book xvii. ch. 5) "Magnus poeta Virgilius fuit," the glossator adds *ni réid chene*, "and not easy either." Another scribe in the same MS. complains that "the ink is thin," that "the vellum is defective." The scribe of another MS. uses still stronger language about his pen: "mallacht ort a phinn," "A curse on thee, O pen!" In fact the Irish scribe seems frequently to treat the vellum on which he is engaged as a sort of confidant to whom he may entrust all his joys and sorrows. The scribe of a Bodleian MS. (Laud 610) is especially prolific in these confidences. "O Mary, my heart is sad," he cries on one page. A little further on he remarks, "I never liked this copying, and I don't like it now." In other places the cause of his sorrow is given. "By my word it is great pain to us to be using water this Friday of the Passion (Good Friday), with the excellent wine that there is in the house." Again, he complains of his patron for being absent so long, "and I waiting for him without my dinner." On another page he complains that his patron is long in bed, leaving him, perhaps, without any breakfast, though he does not say so. In another place he is anxious because his patron sleeps opposite an (open) window. And so it goes on all through the MS. Just imagine a modern compositor covering the margins of the books he prints with analogous remarks!

Sometimes, like the young women who pencil their remarks on the margins of the books which they borrow from the circulating library, the scribe gives us his opinion on what he is transcribing. Thus, in the famous MS. known as the Book of the Dun Cow, the scribe, after copying a list of Cuchulinn's magic feats, relieves his feelings by writing on the margin, "O Emmanuel!" And in a copy of the Gospels belonging to C.C.C. Oxford, written in Latin, but in an Irish hand, the following remark in Irish may be found on the top margin of the page which contains the account of St. Peter's denial of our Lord:—"By heaven, bad is his word, and bad is himself; and we cannot say which is worse. S. q. l." (¶ *Sciát qui legat.*)

The next work on our list is unfinished, for a reason which is, alas! only too valid—viz. the death of the editor, the late W. M. Hennessy. Mr. Hennessy's death was a grievous loss to Irish studies, and regret for his loss is intensified by regret that he should have left so little behind him. Beyond the chronicles which he edited for the Master of the Rolls there is little that we can point to. And these dry annalistic works gave little scope for the exercise of his peculiar talent. Irish was to him a mother-tongue. He was steeped in the traditionary lore of his country. He may not have had the scientific training of modern philological schools. But he had that which no scientific training can give, and which no stranger can acquire, the knowledge racy of the soil, the associations of childhood, and the living tongue. We cannot help fearing that it may have been the kind of criticism which has unhappily been prevalent in Celtic matters, both in Great Britain and Germany, which partly deterred Mr. Hennessy from doing what he was so well fitted to do. Those to whom literature is a recreation and refreshment can hardly be expected either to give or to take the hard knocks which those to whom it is a profession learn to exchange without wincing.

It would be ungracious to criticize in detail the work of a departed scholar, nor have we very much to find fault with in detail. But we cannot help noticing that the order in which the Irish Annals are being published is an instance of that topsy-turvydom which seems to beset all things Irish. Tighernach, the oldest and most reliable of the chronicles, the foundation of all the rest, has never been edited yet. (For O'Connor's wretched performance in the *Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum* does not count.) The first chronicle to be printed in the Rolls Series was the *Chronicon Scotorum* (1866). Now this is a mere seventeenth century epitome of Tighernach. It is useful for supplying the lacunæ which unfortunately exist in the latter, but it has no independent value. We lately had occasion to compare it in detail with the Bodleian MS. of Tighernach, and we do not hesitate to say that all that it contains that is not in existing MSS. of Tighernach might go into half a dozen pages. Next (in 1871) came the Annals of Loch Cé, a work which, in its later part, becomes an independent authority, but in its earlier years is mainly based upon the Annals of Ulster. Then in 1887 comes the first volume of the Annals of Ulster. Of Tighernach, which is the foundation of the rest, there is still no sign, though the matter has been pressed on the attention both of the Keeper of the Records and of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

It may be premised that these annals, like many others, are written in a curious mixture of Irish and Latin. It illustrates the state of Ireland that it should be mentioned as a noteworthy thing under the year 684 that a certain chief died "morbo," "by disease," instead of by violence, and that under the year 1016 should be made the still more remarkable entry "sith in Erin," i.e. *peace in Ireland*. Certainly, whatever may have been the shortcomings of "Saxon" rule in Ireland, it cannot be said that Irish life before we went there was precisely idyllic. We extract, in conclusion, one or two notices of English affairs as being those most likely to interest our readers. Under A.D. 795, "Offa rex bonus Anglorum mortuus est." A.D. 917 or 918, "Eithilffleith famosissima regina Saxonum moritur," i.e. *Ethelfleda, lady of the Mercians*. (So, in the Brut y Tywysogyon mentioned below, she

is called *Edelflet vrenhines* or queen.) The notice of the battle of Brunanburh under 936 or 937 is also interesting.

In 1884 Professor Windisch, whose first volume of *Irish Texts* had appeared in 1880, began with the co-operation of Mr. Whitley Stokes a second series. He promised us a "heft" every year. So far, however, only one more has appeared (1887), and though the word "Wörterbuch" appears on the title-page, the thing as yet appears nowhere. The bulk of the first number is taken up with a second Irish version of "the tale of Troy divine" (*Togail Troi*), of which another version from the Book of Leinster was privately printed by Mr. Stokes in 1882. The longest text in the second number is an Irish Alexander-Saga, edited by Dr. Kuno Meyer. We shall return to this again presently, but we mention it in conjunction with the *Troy Tales* here, in order to say that, apart from the general interest attaching to anything which throws light on the fate of classical stories in mediæval literature, these Irish versions have special points of interest of their own; for, in the first place, the Irish story-tellers often introduce into these classic stories traits borrowed from their own traditions and customs; and, secondly, we are enabled to trace some of the channels through which, conversely, classical reminiscences found their way into the later Irish stories. Of this we shall give an instance lower down. But those who, without being Irish scholars, are curious to see the form which classic tales can take in Irish versions, may do so by reading Mr. Stokes's translation. This is in general accurate enough, but there are one or two places where the translator seems to us to have rather seriously mistaken the sense of the original; and as in some cases the interest is more than merely linguistic, we shall cite one or two of them here. On p. 19 the words "doirnsat . . . comluga . . . ocus cró cotaig" are translated doubtfully by Mr. Stokes "they made a confederacy . . . and a bond (?) of league." We think that *cró cotaig* means "blood of league"—i.e. a blood-league. Mr. Stokes himself, in the glossary to his earlier "*Togail Troi*," gives an instance of this kind of league from Petrie's *Tara*, citing also Indian authorities which we have not at command. The practice is, however, still in use among African tribes, and only a short while ago the papers gave an account of the making of such a blood-brotherhood between Dr. Peters and Mwanga, King of Uganda. Moreover, a verse cited by the Four Masters under A.D. 1015 speaks of "comluige cderg," "a blood-red confederacy," which can hardly refer to anything else. This, like so many primitive customs, is of the nature of a legal fiction. The object of the ceremony is, of course, to create a blood-relationship by artificial means where it does not exist by nature. Again, on p. 51 is a passage which Mr. Stokes translates thus:—"The Kings of the Greeks held a council to see unto whom they should give the succession to Achilles. This was their advice, to give it to Ajax, son of Telamon, for he was nearest in friendship unto him." The word translated friendship, *caratrad*, is no doubt an abstract from *cara* a friend. But seeing that in early times friendship is based on relationship, *caratrad* and another abstract noun from the same root, *cairdes*, not unfrequently have the sense of relationship. (*Caoides Crist*, e.g., means spiritual relationship, gossipred.) And this unquestionably is the meaning here. Achilles and Telamonian Ajax were, as Lord Macaulay's schoolboy knows, first cousins. In the same way the Icelandic *frendi*, which etymologically answers to our word *friend*, never means anything but *kinsman*. Another idea of primitive friendship is embodied in the Welsh word for friend, *cyfaill*, which is the equivalent of the Irish *comailta*, a foster-brother. There are several other passages in which Mr. Stokes's translation seems to us capable of improvement; but, as they turn on linguistic points unsuitable for discussion here, we will only mention one. It occurs twice over on pp. 44 and 52. We will take the latter passage, "Cen co beith tra doimniudh na Troiandæ acht," &c. Mr. Stokes translates, "Though there were no lessening (?) of the Trojans save," &c. And in a note on the passages he compares the Latin *diminuo*. There is an exactly similar passage in the earlier "*Togail Troi*," p. 27, where Mr. Stokes tried "drowning" as the translation of *doimniud*, connecting it, apparently, with *doman*, deep. It is really *doimniud*, the dative case of *imned*, trouble, suffering. And the sentence will run thus:—"Even if the Trojans had had no more of trouble than," &c. No one is exempt from the liability to error, especially in such a slippery region as the Celtic; but we think Mr. Stokes might, perhaps, learn from such slips to judge the mistakes of others a little more leniently. In the second number the last place is occupied by a series of short tales, each of which bears the title of *Táin*, which means a cattle-driving expedition. This is a favourite class of tale with the Irish. The great Irish epic, the *Táin bó Cuaigne*, is a story of this kind. Sir Henry Maine has familiarized us with the idea that in primitive states of society it is stock, not land, which is the really valuable commodity. It is interesting, therefore, to find that the "land-hunger" of the modern Irishman existed then in the form of cattle-hunger.

We return now to Dr. Kuno Meyer's Alexander-Saga. And here we shall omit all criticisms in details (not because they are not needed, but) in order to point out one great fault in procedure. Dr. Meyer's text is taken from the *Leabar Brecc*, or Speckled Book, of which a facsimile was published in 1876. This version is imperfect at the beginning through the loss of a leaf. But another copy exists in the Book of Ballymote. Of the existence of this copy Dr. Meyer knew, as he shows himself in his Introduction, through O'Curry's *Manners*

and Customs of the Ancient Irish, ii. 330. Yet he is content to say "Leider habe ich diese Handschrift . . . nicht benutzen können." And again in an appendix, where he gives some of the readings of the Book of Ballymote, he says, "Nachdem die vorstehende Arbeit bereits in den Druck gegeben war, hatte ich bei einem Aufenthalt in Dublin Gelegenheit den Text des Book of Ballymote zu vergleichen." What would a German reviewer say of an English editor who should print a work from an imperfect MS. in England, knowing all the time that a perfect MS. of the same work existed, say, in Berlin? Besides, in the very year (1887) in which Dr. Meyer's work appeared, an excellent photographic facsimile of the Book of Ballymote was published, with an introduction by Professor Atkinson; so that Dr. Meyer would not have even needed, had he waited, the "Aufenthalt in Dublin."

As we have mentioned the Book of Ballymote, we may say in passing that we regret that Professor Atkinson should have cut down his introductory remarks to so small a compass. The photographic facsimile secures, we hope (after the revelations about Mr. Sweet's facsimile edition of the *Epinal Glossary* some years ago we can use no stronger word than hope), fidelity to the MS. It is, however, much less easy to read than the lithographic facsimiles formerly produced for the Irish Academy by O'Longan, the last of the Irish scribes.

We return to Dr. Meyer. It is curious that, in a rather earlier work—the *Battle of Ventry*—he had done something very similar. This tale relates how Daire Donn, king of the world (evidently a classical reminiscence of *Darius*), with his subject kings, invaded Ireland, in consequence of the famous Finn MacCumhaill having carried off the daughter of the King of France. (So that Mr. Parnell is not the first leader whose domestic relations have brought political trouble upon Ireland.) And the story consists of a narrative how Finn and his comrades kept the foreigner at bay for a year and a day, and ultimately defeated him. ("Would that we had had worthy successors to them in after times!" exclaims O'Curry, in commenting on the tale.) The only vellum MS. of the tale is in the Bodleian (Rawlinson, B. 487), which is imperfect. Several paper copies, however, exist. Dr. Meyer prints the imperfect text as it stands, and puts the text of the missing portions in the Appendix, and the translation of them in the Preface. They should surely have been placed in the body of the work, distinguished, if desired, by different type, or inclosed in brackets, to show that they came from a different MS. Perhaps here, too, Dr. Meyer's text was "bereits in den Druck gegeben," before he consulted the other MSS. It is curious that among the omitted portions is to be found what is one of the most interesting episodes in the piece, as being an instance of that reaction of classical upon native mythology of which we spoke above. It is the narrative how Labran, the uncle of Finn, went, in the shape of an eagle, to the fort of his (Labran's) maternal grandfather, the King of the Land of the White Men, to ask for the magic arms forged by Vulcan, the smith of hell, on the night that Daire Donn was born, which were the only weapons by which Daire could be overcome. Both the translation and the glossary leave a good deal to be desired; but we have neither space nor inclination to criticise them in detail, especially as the work is now five years old, and we cannot plead here, as in other cases, that we have delayed noticing it because it was incomplete. We will, however, give one specimen from p. 43, because text and translation are alike bad. They are as follows:—"Dar leat is slughac rochtain di na roim trom fleachad mara taid na hallmuraig ag rith roime," &c. "You would think a host was fleeing from or before a heavy drenching of the sea (the way) the foreigners are running before him." Now, the Irish story-tellers, whatever their faults (and they had many), did not talk like pedantic grammarians about "of or from," &c. For *di na read dina*, and for *mara taid read mar ataid*. Then we get the perfectly good sense:—"You would think it was a host seeking protection from a heavy shower (to see) the way the foreigners are running before him." And the Egerton text, which Dr. Meyer prints in an appendix, might have guided him to the right meaning. It is so seldom that Irish poetry conveys any pleasure to our Saxon ears that we venture to draw special attention to a really beautiful little hymn to St. Michael which Dr. Meyer has printed in his notes.

The *Wandering of Ulysses* is another of these degenerate classical stories. Dr. Meyer calls it on his title-page the Irish Odyssey. But as it only occupies fifteen small pages its claim to the title may be disputed.

We have alluded above to the well-known Irish MS. called the *Lebar Brecc*, or Speckled Book. It is a collection—or *bibliotheca*, as it would be called in the middle ages—of various pieces, chiefly ecclesiastical. Of these ecclesiastical pieces Professor Atkinson has edited a number in the volume next on our list, with translations and glossary. The work is not complete, as there are notes and appendices promised which have not yet appeared. But the work is quite sufficiently complete to be both usable and useful. The pieces contained in the volume are based, there is little doubt, on Latin originals, which are in some cases known. This Latin origin is shown *inter alia* by phrases like "*doirsib iataib*," "the doors being shut," an attempt to imitate in Irish the Latin ablative absolute. Some of the pieces in their original shape consist of a mixture of Latin and Irish, in which the Irish forms a gloss or loose translation and comment on the Latin text. And here we think that Professor Atkinson has committed a serious error of judgment in removing the Latin portions of the

text. He speaks of them as "the Latin intercalations." Rather we should regard the Latin as the text on which the Irish is the comment. Anyhow, the close proximity of the Latin and Irish words is most helpful in determining the sense of the latter. Sometimes it throws light on the meaning which Irish scholars attached to the Latin which they had before them. The procedure, moreover, involves an alteration in the form of some of the pieces, which is, we think, greater than a conscientious editor should allow himself. From the nature of these pieces, derived, as we have said, mostly, if not entirely, from Latin originals, it follows that they are of less interest for purely Irish purposes than some of the other pieces which we have noticed. There was less opportunity for introducing Irish ideas here than in the classical stories. This very fact, however, makes these texts, perhaps, more suitable for beginners than distinctively Irish work would be. In a work of such considerable extent, it is impossible that there should not be slips. Detailed criticism would be ungracious and in this place unsuitable. It is the less necessary, inasmuch as Mr. Stokes has subjected the whole work to a rigorous, not to say microscopic, criticism in the Proceedings of the Philological Society. The translation strikes us as the least satisfactory part of the book. It bears evident marks of haste, which is further shown by the discrepancies which exist between the translation and the glossary. We forbear to give examples; but if any Irish scholar will compare, e.g. pp. 289, 486-8 of the translation with the corresponding portions of the text, we think he will agree with us. The person whom Mr. Atkinson twice calls Quirinus (Irish *Cirine*), pp. 458, 500, is St. Jerome.

We touch on one or two points of general interest. On p. 233 there seems to us to be a curious little play of meaning. "Where the humanity of Christ is" (says the writer), "there will be borne the saints and the *fireoin*. Now *fireoin* may simply mean 'the righteous' (from *fíren*), but it may also mean 'the eagles' (from *fir-en*, literally 'the true bird,' the bird *cor* 'éagor, just as *fir-iasc*, literally 'the true fish,' means 'salmon'). The passage is an evident reference to Christ's words, 'where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together' (Matt. xxiv. 28), which were often interpreted in this way both by Greek and Latin Fathers—e.g. Theophylact and Jerome. The translation of the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Ne nos inducas in tentationem," by "Lead us not into intolerable temptation" (p. 259), is interesting as an attempt to solve an often-felt difficulty. In Wulfstan's Homilies (ed. Napier, p. 125) there is a similar attempt:—"Ne læt þu us costnain ealles to swýðe," "Let us not be tempted all too severely." Indeed, we have more than once been struck by affinities between these Irish homilies and some of those which go by the name of Wulfstan, affinities which may be due to the fact of their being founded on the same Latin originals.

An interesting subject for study is that of Latin loan-words in Irish. We will give one or two examples from the present work. *Móit*, a vow, is the Latin *rotum*, the *m* being sounded soft; *tarrair*, the meaning of which Mr. Atkinson has missed by seeking for Irish analogues and connecting it with *iarrain*, to seek, is simply the Latin *error*, or rather, *errorem*. But the most interesting example is the word *osaic*, which is used of foot-washing; generally, though not always, in the religious sense of washing the feet of pilgrims, &c. This is simply the Latin *obsequium*. It is, therefore, the exact correlative of the English *Mauvdy*, that representing the command, *mandatum*, and the Irish word, the obedience to the command given by Christ at the Last Supper. Mr. Stokes has seen this in the index to his edition of the *Vita Tripartita*. The present writer hit upon it independently, and the correctness of the explanation is proved beyond a doubt by the following passage from Bede (*Hist. Eccl. iv. 19*):—"Lotis prius suo suarumque ministrarum *obsequio* ceteris." By a curious prolepsis, the word is constantly used of Christ's own washing of the disciples' feet.

Mr. Atkinson's Glossary is a most industrious performance; and the way in which he counts and registers the number of times that various words and forms occur would satisfy a German with a passion for "Statistik." The weakness of all Irish dictionaries, to our mind, is that they are so taken up with the forms of words that they pay little or no heed to gradations of meaning. An Irish dictionary on the lines of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, or Vigfússon's *Icelandic Dictionary*, in which the different shades of meaning should be clearly and logically discriminated, would do more than anything else to further the intelligent study of Irish literature. If Mr. Atkinson should accomplish the great Irish dictionary which we understand he projects, we trust he will attend to this.

We welcome heartily the appearance of a second volume of Messrs. Rhys and Evans's excellent Welsh Texts. It seems edited with the same scrupulous fidelity as the former volume, and the print and paper are all that could be desired. Nor should the copious Index pass without its meed of praise. The bulk of the present volume consists of the Welsh version of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum*, a thorny subject on which we have no intention of entering here. Mr. Evans rightly lays stress on the need of a good edition of the Latin text of Geoffrey before the question can be satisfactorily discussed. The most important historically of these "Bruts" is the "*Brut y Tywysogyon*," or "*Chronica Principum Wallie*." But of this Mr. Evans promises us a "Translation with Notes both Textual and Historical," for which "a distinguished student of history has pledged his

active co-operation." So that we shall reserve any remarks on this head for a future occasion, and only borrow the conclusion of the pious scribe himself, "Benedicamus Domino. Deo Gracias."

THE RIVERSIDE NATURALIST.*

A COMPANION for the waterside, although one which is too bulky to be conveniently carried in a fishing-basket, Dr. Hamilton's pleasant volume is intended to enlighten anglers as to the nature of the living forms which move around them during the long hours of their solitary patience. The author recommends his readers to take a good binocular with them when they go a-fishing that they may bring distant birds and beasts within range of observation, and a pocket-magnifier for the purpose of examining insects and flowers in the immediate foreground. With all these distractions, it may be that the angler will somewhat neglect his direct business; but, if the days are long, and he of a cheerful temperament, he need not be very unhappy about that. Dr. Hamilton is evidently a close and exact observer, and his knowledge is extensive. He chats gravely, and yet delightfully, about things that he knows, and that we are delighted to hear discussed.

The largest and most important of our British riparian species is the otter, and we are interested to learn that this fine creature, which a little while ago seemed to be almost extinct, at least in the south of England, has recovered its forces. "At the present time," says Dr. Hamilton, "there is scarcely a river in the United Kingdom in which this animal is not trapped, and in our southern chalk-streams otters have become rather formidable in their numbers." There is great discussion as to whether the otter is or is not an enemy to fishermen. Mr. Collier, a Master of Otter-Hounds, declares that the otter is the friend of the trout-angler, as it wages deadly warfare with the worst enemy of the trout-spawn—the eel. Mr. Collier says "if he owned a trout-stream he would never allow an otter-hound on it." The otter has been accused, and especially in the upper reaches of the Severn, of eating salmon, and even of greedily biting out a curdy tit-bit from the shoulder, and then throwing the fish away; but those who have watched the otter most carefully are inclined to doubt whether, except under great provocation of hunger, he ever touches salmon at all.

The preservation and cultivation of trout as an industry threatens more and more to regulate the existence of our most striking riverside fauna. The kingfisher, according to Dr. Hamilton, contrived to defy the exterminating rage of the women who wanted to put its wings and beak into their bonnets, but is now disappearing before the far more formidable trout-breeder. *Pereat salmo fario*, we cry, rather than that such a wretched consummation should be due to its protection. There are few carefully preserved streams in which there are not too many trout, and to allow the animated sapphire with the blunt tail to clear out a twentieth part of them would be, if the breeders had but the sense to see it, a good deed for the rest. We cannot stigmatize too severely the horrible mode of killing kingfishers which is now practised very largely on the English rivers. Small spring-traps are set on narrow boards over the stream, and the object of these is to catch the bird when he perches, and cut off both his legs. We do not hesitate to say that no gentleman ought to retain in his service a moment longer a river-keeper found guilty of using this instrument of lingering torture.

Dr. Hamilton writes in an agreeable style, and is evidently a true enthusiast for nature. The passage in which he states what it was that led him to undertake the composition of his pleasant volume deserves to be quoted:—

One fine September morning, on grayling-fishing intent, when about to commence operations upon a very famous shallow of a very famous river, a flight of goldfinches on their autumn migration flew over our heads and settled on a bunch of thistles on the opposite bank. On calling our friend's attention to these beautiful birds, we found that he was almost entirely ignorant of the various forms of animal life so constantly met with where water abounds; and from some further remarks made by him on this subject, we ventured into print.

The woodcuts which illustrate *The Riverside Naturalist* are numerous, and in certain cases so unusually good that we are bound to draw special attention to them. The drawings of birds in modern books are, as a rule, even when correct, strictly conventional in style. They follow slavishly, though often at no small distance, the tradition of Bewick. Now, one aspect of bird-form was seen and translated by the great Northumbrian artist so perfectly as to be final; but Bewick's mode of observing birds was not the only one, nor was the art at his command capable of giving a very various impression. But later bird-artists have scarcely ventured to stir from it. In the pages of *The Riverside Naturalist* we find a few engravings of birds, signed P. Robert, which are entirely free from the old Bewick convention, and which illustrate the living forms of wild birds with unusual skill and spirit. Who P. Robert is we know not; but we do not hesitate to say that the artist who drew the redstart and its chick, on p. 113, the crouching nightingale, on p. 97, and the study of a rook, on p. 137, is a kind of genius in his way. No one, to our knowledge, has ever before drawn the wryneck (p. 123), with its neck extended and twisted,

or caught the peculiar way in which the woodpecker (p. 128) sits on the knot of a branch as in a saddle. But there are illustrations here for all tastes; those who are scandalized by the realistic drawing of the swallow, on p. 73, may turn to p. 71 and be satisfied with the childish silhouette, in debased Bewick, of the swift.

THE VIKINGS IN WESTERN CHRISTENDOM.*

NO other side of mediæval history can compare in point of interest with the struggle between Christianity and heathenism in Europe. One phase of this struggle, the raids made by the worshippers of Odin upon the Christian countries of the West, is the main subject of Mr. Keary's book, which deals with the Viking invasions of Western Christendom down to the extinction of the Carolingian Empire in 888. It is full of learning, and exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the original authorities for the history of the period with which it is concerned. Mr. Keary has not been content simply to record events; he has shown their relation to one another, and their connexion with the circumstances which affected the characters and ideas of the men of his period. In a word, he has written as a philosophic historian, not as a mere compiler from chronicles. As his success in another branch of literature led us to expect, his book is brightened by imaginative talent; it is evident that he is familiar with many of the places of which he has to speak, and he occasionally puts before us a skillfully drawn picture either of some scene which he has witnessed, such as a little fleet of boats bringing young men and maidens to a favourite trysting-place to dance by the bale-fire on Midsommer Eve, or more frequently of some raid or battle, as in his admirable narrative of the defeat of Charles the Bald at Andernach.

Mr. Keary looks forward to carrying his work a stage further, to relating the early history of the Scandinavian settlements in France, the British Isles, and the islands of the North, and to examining the Edda and Saga literature with special reference to "the mythology which they enshrine—the last articulate voice of Teutonic heathenism." This continuation will have a close connexion with much in the earlier part of his present volume, which, as he admits, has no immediate bearing on the Viking raids. In his first three chapters he appears to be marshalling before his readers the two opposing forces of heathendom and Christendom. His remarks on the religion of heathen Germany have special reference to Scandinavian beliefs. They are interesting and suggestive, though they perhaps scarcely distinguish the ancient beliefs from the later system of the Viking times with sufficient clearness. The next chapter is mainly devoted to the efforts of early Irish and English missionaries, to Columba and Columban, who, it may be noted, are confused in the first paragraph of Chapter IV., owing to an unlucky oversight in revision, to Wilfred, Willibrord, and Boniface. While speaking of the slightness of the connexion between these first chapters and the Viking raids, we are constrained to add that the book as a whole suffers from a lack of concentration. Mr. Keary scarcely seems to have made up his mind as to the subject on which he wished to write; at all events, he has, we think, failed to give a sufficiently pre-eminent place to one subject, and to treat others as subordinate to it. The wars between the emperors and kings of the house of Charles the Great, which, no doubt, have a connexion with the history of the Viking raids, are related, not, indeed, at greater length than their proper importance demands, but with a minuteness inappropriate to the treatment of a subordinate matter. Even if Mr. Keary had kept more closely to the Vikings than he has done, he would not have found it easy to arrange his work satisfactorily. As it is, the arrangement which he has adopted, though capable of defence, will not, we think, be found helpful. Nor is his style generally suited to the character of his work. In parts of his book—happily not in every part of it—his sentences have a curious and annoying tendency to fall into blank verse. Many of them just miss being completely metrical, while in some the metre is complete. For example, in describing how the Vikings plundered the Irish coast in 825, he writes:—

Then to their boats again and back to sea,
And round to Kinsale Bay, from whence they fell
Upon Dunderrow . . . (P. 173.)

The next words spoil the metre. Another example might be quoted from the same page. An exact couplet appears in the sentence:—

Something of these and of their ways he knew;
Not much, but more than we shall ever know. (P. 162.)

Again, with reference to the old age of Hincmar, in the reign of Lewis the Stammerer, we are told how he

Alone remained, and he was near his end.
But still his interest in affairs of state
And all his ancient fires were not extinct. (P. 396.)

If we fail to do full justice to Mr. Keary's historical learning, it is because this distressing peculiarity has prevented us from giving our undivided attention to the substance of his book. Some other eccentricities of style, to which he is more or less

* *The Vikings in Western Christendom, A.D. 789 to A.D. 888.* By C. F. Keary, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "Outlines of Primitive Belief" &c. With Maps and Tables. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

* *The Riverside Naturalist.* By Edward Hamilton, M.D. Illustrated with numerous Woodcuts. London: Sampson Low & Co.

addicted, are, to say the least, out of place in a work of this kind.

In his notice of the first Viking attack on England we are glad to find that Mr. Keary rejects Mr. Howorth's theory that the date 789 given in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is wrong, and that the raid took place subsequently to the sack of Lindisfarne in 793. He agrees with Professor Steenstrup in believing that the invaders were Danes, and seems inclined to accept his emendation of the text of the Chronicle as to the puzzling "Hærethaland" whence they are said to have come, noticing that the suggested reading receives some confirmation from Henry of Huntingdon's words, "predationis causa." At the same time he refrains from pronouncing any decided opinion on the question. His judgment appears to us to be sound, and here, as elsewhere, he shows that he is exempt from the too-common foible of accepting the last new theory rather because it is new and ingenious than for any better reason. His account of the Viking raids in Ireland is admirably put together. They began on the mainland in 807, and though the pirates were at first beaten off, they are soon found plundering all down the Western coast. Some severe defeats were inflicted on them in 811 and 812, and after a successful engagement in the following year their attacks ceased for a period of seven years. It is to this time that Mr. Keary refers the change that took place in the nationality of the invaders. He points out that there were two main routes taken by the pirates, the one merely entailing coasting voyages which would naturally be adopted chiefly by the Danes, the other lying straight across the North Sea from Norway. The coasting voyages were made, it may fairly be supposed, before voyages across the North Sea, and he believes that all the earliest Viking invaders came down the West coast of Denmark to Frisia, branching off in different directions in the English Channel, some landing in Neustria, some on our own coasts, while others in later times sailed along the West coast of Spain, and so into the Mediterranean. Those who made their way to England "might sail north to East Anglia or Northumbria, or round the coast of Kent to Sussex, to Wessex, possibly up through St. George's Channel to Wales, to Ireland, to Man, to Iona." It was not long, however, before the pirates came across from Norway by the open sea, and for some years after 820 the invaders of Ireland were almost wholly Norsemen. Down to that time the Irish called all the pirates Gaill or strangers; before long they began to distinguish the Danes and their new enemies the Norsemen from each other by the name Dubh-Gaill and Finn-Gaill, the black strangers and the white strangers. After little more than twenty years the Norsemen under Thorgisl took possession of all the northern half of the island. Then some change took place in the internal politics of Ireland. Two kings of the great sept of O'Neil, one of them being Malachy, King of Meath, became very powerful, and used their power against the intruders. Thorgisl was taken and drowned, and his kingdom crumbled away.

During the early years of Lewis the Pious a dynastic dispute in Denmark seemed likely to lead to the evangelization of the country; for the Emperor, who interfered in behalf of Harald, one of the claimants, sent missionaries thither, and Harald was baptized along with his wife, his son, and all his followers. Soon after this a Swedish king encouraged the Emperor to believe that he was inclined to accept Christianity, and Anscar, who had preached to the Danes, was sent to Sweden, and built a church there. But the Scandinavian nations were not yet to be incorporated into the body of Christendom; Harald lost his kingdom, and the Swedes rose against the missionaries, killed one and drove out another. From his account of these short-lived advances of Christianity Mr. Keary passes to the history of the wars of the Carolingian house, and traces with minute care the events which brought about the division of the Empire by the Treaty of Verdun. The disturbances in the Empire emboldened the Vikings to descend upon it, and they began their raids two years after the army of Lewis deserted him at Litgenfeld. By 845 "the pirates had been seen upon most of the great rivers of France—the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne"—and had more lately "plundered along all the coasts of Spain, Christian and Mahometan, as far as to the Pillars of Hercules." Mr. Keary gives us several notices of two of their most famous leaders, of Ragnar Lodbrog, whose real history is so overlaid with legend that it is difficult to get at the truth about his doings, and of Hasting, the "Odysseus among the Viking chiefs, the man of many wiles." In an interesting chapter on the "Great Army" in England, he observes how inferior the English militia must have been to the Danish force in equipment, discipline, and the knowledge of war, and that the "continued influx of fresh hordes of invaders" seemed to make deliverance hopeless. We are surprised to find that he asserts, without any explanatory note, that the "Peace of Wedmore," as it is usually, though perhaps incorrectly, termed, is represented by the existing "Ælfreds and Guthorms Frith." As in the "Frith" London falls within Alfred's kingdom, it would seem that Green was right in deciding that it was made at the end of the war of 886. After another digression, in itself of high value, on the struggles between the Carolingian emperors and kings, we return again to the Vikings. Their defeat at Saucourt, while it checked their advance in the Western Kingdom, seems to have turned them to the attack of the Eastern Kingdom; they invaded Germany, and overran all the land between the Meuse and the Rhine, from Coblenz downwards. The Emperor Charles the Fat had one great chance against them, but he dared not press them hard; he paid them to

leave his dominions, and settled their leader Godfrey in a territory on the Rhine and the Waal. In France the burden of defence was for some years borne by Count Robert the Strong, and after he had fallen his work was carried on by his sons Odo and Robert. Mr. Keary has shown good judgment in devoting several pages to the siege of Paris by the Vikings; for he has made a pleasant narrative out of Abbo's crabbed poem, and the siege itself is an event of peculiar historical importance. It was not, as he reminds us, an incident in a mere raid; it was "part of a scheme of conquest." Further than this, it led to the deposition of the Emperor, and to the final disintegration of the Carolingian Empire; a century later it made Paris the capital of France, while the gallant defence of the city contributed largely to vest the kingship in the Capetian house, the descendants of Count Robert the Strong.

AN ARABIC MANUAL.*

THE British occupation of Egypt has vastly stimulated the supply of manuals for learning Arabic, and among these the little book published by Dr. Tien, of which a second edition has recently appeared, may probably take a foremost rank. All Arabic manuals, however, labour under one terrible disadvantage—namely, that no one can learn to talk Arabic by their means. In regard to manuals of other languages this sad defect does not appear to exist. A phrase book of Danish, for example, will enable one ignorant of that language to ask for and obtain eggs and butter in any village in Denmark; but no Arabic manual that we have yet met with will much avail the British tourist in the *Sûk* of Algiers or Cairo. The chief cause of failure lies in the fact that every manual attempts to teach the learner to do two things at once. Now, Arabic "as she is spoke" is not the same as Arabic "as she is wrote"; and all manuals either try to commit to writing what is spoken or else make the learner speak what is written. In the first case, supposing the phrases of the colloquial dialect to be written out in Arabic characters, no native will read them, because the words are not written grammatically; while, supposing the Arabic phrase to be transliterated for the benefit of the tiro into Roman characters, then no native can understand the Englishman's reading, because the British pronunciation is not that of an Arab. If, on the other hand, taking the second case, the written or classical language is taught in the manual, and by aid of the native teacher the pronunciation be learnt, still less will the learner demanding eggs and butter in the *Sûk* be likely to obtain them.

It is curious how persistently all writers of Arabic manuals cause their unhappy readers thus to fall between two stools. Written, more or less classical, Arabic is one thing, and, as far as Islam reaches, is catholic, a letter written in Fez being perfectly comprehensible at Mecca or Damascus, or even among the Mollas of Bukhara. But a native of Fez talking the Arabic of Morocco can barely make himself understood in either Mecca or Damascus; hence it follows, naturally, that nowhere out of Cairo can a Feringhi learn to talk so as to be comprehended of the Cairenes, though he may have become a master of classical Arabic, and learnt to write (say) a letter by patience, application, and the help of grammars and dictionaries. The most that any colloquial manual can do is to serve as a text that shall render the learner and the native teacher mutually intelligible each to the other. Unwritten colloquial Arabic is not very difficult, and the classical grammar is a needless superfluity in its acquisition. Only it must be learnt orally from the teacher, and the pronunciation imitated phrase by phrase as nearly as the learner's European organs of speech will enable him parrot-like to copy the Semitic gutturals and aspirates. And for this each must write down as best he can, and to suit his own views of phonetics, the words as they are pronounced. To learn to read and write Arabic is another affair. Arabic as already stated is written according to grammar—i.e. classically; and therefore, if after some few months' practice at the spoken dialect, the learner will write down first the English and then the vulgar Arabic (in Roman characters), and then get his teacher to write the same phrase for him in classical Arabic with all the vowels, he may, by studying with the help of his dictionary and a grammar, in course of time learn, so to speak, almost colloquially, the language of the scribes. This is practically the best way to attain the art of reading and speaking so as to be understood by a native. It follows, therefore, that a practical manual of Arabic should be divided into three columns—the first to contain the English phrase; the second the colloquial Arabic equivalent for the same, written (as best the learner may compass the Semitic aspirates and gutturals) to imitate the pronunciation in the mouth of a native; the third the classical or literary rendering of the English phrase, in the Arabic letters, such as, for instance, it would stand in a letter or modern book printed at the Boulak Press.

Dr. Tien's manual contains much that will be useful to the learner, and read with a native always at hand to correct the pronunciation will smooth away many difficulties. There is an excellent epitome of the grammar, and the author has done well in this part to give the technical terms both in English and in Arabic. This will prevent many misunderstandings between the native teacher and his pupil, for from the beginning the learner

* *Manual of Colloquial Arabic.* By Rev. Anton Tien, Ph.D., M.R.A.S., &c. London: Allen & Co. 1891.

must try and parse according to the native theories on that subject. Part III., consisting of phrases and dialogues on various subjects, has been carefully put together, but suffers from the radical defect of all Arabic phrase books that we have met with—namely, that the Arabic given is neither the grammatical written language nor the ungrammatical colloquial dialect, but is the curious mongrel speech which no Arab outside a missionary school is ever heard to speak. This defect becomes more apparent still when we turn to the Reading Lessons which Dr. Tien supplies. Surely here he might have given his readers something more idiomatic than "Scripture Texts" and translations of the Church of England Prayer Book. The Protestant missionaries at Beyrout have done most excellent work, from the theological point of view, in the translation they have made of the Bible and Prayer Book into Arabic; it may, however, be doubted whether these translations should in any case be cited as models of style for the Arabic language. Certainly there is no lack of indigenous literature (story books, history books, and collections of fables, &c.) to serve the purpose of a reading book for beginners, and it is assuredly ill-advised to offer him the Arabic Bible of Beyrout as a text for his reading lessons. These translations into Arabic made by Europeans are doubtless all done according to rule of lexicon and grammar; but, to judge by what the natives have to say on the matter, one cannot help being afraid that English missionary Arabic produces much the same effect on a native Syrian or Egyptian as some very excellent Baboo English of Calcutta does on the native Briton.

Dr. Tien's little manual contains so much that is useful that it is a pity he has stuffed it with so much useless padding. A list of the Arab tribes of the Syrian Desert is clearly out of place in a manual such as this; and in any case Dr. Tien should be more careful in the spelling of proper names, and not write of the "Triconitis." It is, further, absurd to speak of the "naturalized or insidious Arabs" under the denomination of "el-Arab el-Mustaghriba," which, being translated, would mean "the Arabs who do strange things"; *Mustaghriba* (as the word should have been written) being, on the other hand, "those who have assimilated themselves to the Arabs." What we really want for Arabic is a thoroughly colloquial *Ollendorff*, every phrase taken down from the mouth of a native; hence idiomatic, and not concocted to serve a purpose. The colloquial phrases, as before suggested, might have their equivalents in the written language set beside them, for the convenience of those who would wish to read and write as well as talk. We cannot help thinking that Dr. Tien is very capable of producing some such book as this, and it would certainly be more efficacious with beginners than is likely to be his present Manual.

SONG OF LEWES.*

REGARDED as an academic exercise, this little book must be pronounced highly creditable to Mr. Kingsford, though, in our opinion, it shows that he has something to learn with reference to an editor's duties. The *Carmen de Bello Lewensi* is, of course, well known, for it was printed by the late Mr. Thomas Wright in the volume of *Political Songs* which he edited for the Camden Society in 1839. Mr. Kingsford—whose name we believe is yet to make—speaks with unnecessary depreciation of Mr. Wright's work, and claims to have greatly improved on his text. We cannot say that, as far as our comparison of the two texts has gone, we have been able to discover that he has done enough to entitle him to any special praise in this respect. Where Mr. Wright corrected in his text a few clerical errors in the manuscript of an obvious and trivial kind, Mr. Kingsford prints the errors in the text and the emendations in foot-notes, which is certainly the better plan; he suggests two or three other possible readings of no particular importance, and he prints in italics all the letters indicated in the manuscript by contraction-marks, and preserves the archaic spelling. Now, there is something peculiarly satisfactory in having an original manuscript before your eyes, and in reading the words of it, as the author, or some early copyist, wrote them; but, failing that, the next best thing is to have the work in the most readable form. Nothing is gained by preserving mere archaisms in a Latin text, such as the use of *e* for *æ* or *u* for *v*, and to print, as Mr. Kingsford does,

Hij sunt aduersarii peruersis peiores

is useless and pedantic. His Introduction and Notes, though learned and ingenious, err greatly on the side of excess. For example, the notes to the poem, which consists of 968 lines and takes up thirty-one pages, extend over sixty-eight pages, and in addition to an analysis of the contents of the poem we have it translated in full, though it is scarcely likely that any one will want to refer to it who is unable to read Latin, and it has already been translated by Wright. While, however, Mr. Kingsford seems to us to have sometimes forgotten that the editor should be the servant of his text, we can cordially commend his work as thoroughly performed. Every piece of information that has a bearing on the contents of the poem has been searched out and inserted in his volume; his notes—some of them, such as that on the "alienigenæ," are almost little essays on subjects which

can scarcely be called recondite rather than explicatory comments—are all accurate, and many of them thoughtful, and his Introduction presents us, among other matters, with a well-balanced estimate of his author's trustworthiness and historical value. The statement in the later portion of the poem of the ideas advanced by the King's friends on the one side and by the Barons on the other with reference to the extent and nature of the authority of the Crown, and the poet's own disquisition on the true theory of kinship, have suggested an Appendix in which the political theories of many mediæval writers from the middle of the ninth to the end of the thirteenth century are succinctly stated, with full references to their works. This Appendix is interesting, and is a perfectly legitimate addition to the volume. We must also thank Mr. Kingsford for printing a curious satirical poem written in French by a certain Richard, who may, as he suggests, have been a native of the south-west of England. The poem is in the same MS. volume as the *Song of Lewes*, and is of about the same date; for it contains a reference to the disputes which took place at Winchester after the consecration of Bishop John of Exeter to that see in 1262.

A CHESS RECORD.*

THERE have been many collections of classical games of chess, but none of them is quite canonical. What the chess masters might do in this direction by putting their heads together it is difficult to say. With deliberation and self-restraint they might possibly mark fifty or a hundred games, all by deceased players, with the brand of excellence, in such a manner as to secure the general assent of the chess world. They certainly could not do anything of the kind if they were to include games between living players. We are disposed to think that a volume of "The Hundred Best Games," prepared in this academic fashion, though it would receive a vast amount of criticism from players who had not taken part in its compilation, might serve a very useful purpose. It is not too much to say that the most studious players know scores of the finest games by heart, and could at any time place them on the board, recalling the analysis and comments of other players on the more interesting points. But it is not every one who can attain to this cultivated tenacity of memory. What is wanted is a book containing the selected masterpieces of Labourdonnais, Cochrane, Staunton, St. Amant, Anderssen, Kieseritzky, Boden, Morphy, Kolisch, Lowenthal, Zukertort, and a few others. If living players are excluded, and no game is taken which the masters do not agree to call superlatively good, it would be dangerous to make classics of more than a hundred. Mr. Greenwell's aim is not precisely to construct a canon of chess. He prints a hundred and forty-three games, as widely representative as possible in the matter of style, and admits that he will be satisfied if each competent critic discovers in his pages one hundred games of which he can say that "each in its way is the best possible." About half of the total number were played by living masters, and of the rest it is safe to say that forty would be chosen by any committee of judges for inclusion in a "Hundred Best Games." As a comprehensive exhibition of the mode and style of play during the nineteenth century, and especially during the past generation, this collection is a decidedly good one. Most of the established favourites are here, from the spirited contests of Labourdonnais and Macdonnell, which everybody knows, down to the struggles of yesterday—though only one example is given of Dr. Tarrasch, who certainly deserves more attention than Mr. Greenwell has devoted to him. Amongst the gems of the collection is the remarkable game played by Zukertort against Blackburne in the International Tournament of 1883, which has been annotated by nearly every modern analyst, and which Steinitz, who suffered defeat on that occasion from Zukertort, praised enthusiastically as "one of the most brilliant games on record."

THE GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.†

MR. SIME has hitherto been known as a historian and biographer; his *Life of Lessing* takes a high place even in Germany. So far as we are aware, he had never given special attention to geography before he undertook the present work; the compilation, however, does credit to his industry and discrimination. Unlike most text-books of geography, much of it is quite readable. We are not aware that geography holds so important a place in many of our public and middle-class schools, for which the manual is evidently intended, as to give hope of a large sale for a special text-book on Europe. Where such a text-book is required Mr. Sime's may be commended. He has evidently taken great pains to bring together the leading topographical data of Europe and of the several countries into which it is divided, and these he has strung together, as we have said, in a form which is often readable. He has avoided mere lists of names; he introduces none about which he does not give a bit of information, sometimes, it is true, not of much importance. The arrangement is methodical, though Mr. Sime does not attempt to show the relations which may subsist

* Chess Exemplified: in One Hundred and Thirty-two Games of the most Celebrated Players. By W. J. Greenwell. Leeds: I. M. Brown. 1890.

† The Geography of Europe. By James Sime, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

* The Song of Lewes. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. L. Kingsford, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

among the various data with which he deals, nor what bearings the physical features may have had on the political and industrial development of the States of Europe. He certainly does give a brief sketch of the history of each country, and of the character of its people, and therein his book differs from the ordinary geographical text-book. Climate, religion, and education, industry and trade, are some of the headings under which information is arranged. The great subdivisions of each country, and the leading towns therein, have each a few words said about them; while the pages are brightened by numerous pictures, many of them really illustrative of characteristic features of the places to which they refer. In that of Venice, however, one sees nothing but a few vessels with gay sails. Mr. Sime is very particular about the units of all his statistics; we hope no teacher will be so cruel as to make his pupils burden their memories with them. Mr. Sime, in his preface, frankly admits that much is expected of the teacher. It is so in geography more almost than in any other subject. No text-book, without ceasing to be such, can do more than give points which the well-informed and skilled teacher will expand from his own reading, endow them with human interest, and lead his pupils to feel that they are dealing with realities, and not mere names. Without explanation some of Mr. Sime's statements would be quite unintelligible to the pupil; thus, in speaking of Béarn, he says:—"From it also sprang the present reigning dynasty of Sweden." Why, in referring to Chamouni, does he not say simply that it lies at the foot of Mont Blanc, instead of that it is "famous as the starting-point for the most splendid scenery in Europe"? What is the value of the fact that Annecy "is the seat of the bishop who in former times ruled his diocese from Geneva"? But we admit that the task of selection from among a mass of facts is extremely difficult. Mr. Sime rightly states that good maps are absolutely necessary in teaching from his book; and with a good selection of large photographs in addition, the geography lesson might be made as interesting as a good book of travel.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

IT is a frequent practice with French publishers to bring out at Christmas splendidly illustrated Lives of Saints to serve as *étrennes* for the devout; we remember a few years ago a very handsome St. Francis thus adapted. This year the place of honour falls to Ignatius Loyola, to whom Father Charles Clair, of his famous Society, devotes a stately royal octavo, produced in the best style of the Librairie Plon. Of the Life it is not necessary to say more than it is piously and pleasantly written enough, though, no doubt, in a manner somewhat "to order." Father Clair could not be expected to dwell much on what Mr. Carlyle profanely called the "garlic-and-unfortunate-female" period of Loyola's life; and, indeed, his task has been chiefly to redact the old hagiologies, to supply them (which he has done very well) with genealogical and other notes, and to arrange the illustrations. These are very numerous and fine—taken partly from modern drawings, but chiefly from the ornaments of the Gesù, from famous pictures by old masters, from contemporary woodcuts, and so forth. The full-page etchings and heliogravures are as good as anything of their kind which we have lately seen.

M. Philippe Daryl, whose handsome volume *Le yacht* has been issued by the Ancienne Maison Quantin, is so familiar with things English that it is not difficult to guess where he picked up his enthusiasm for yachting, "l'expression suprême du sport." But both as a cunning man and as a patriot he is careful to dispel the notion that it is a mainly or originally English amusement. "Yacht" is a French word; if you have any doubt of it, you have only to pronounce it *yak* and it will jump to your ears that it cannot be the same as the English *yot*. Hiero had a yacht; lots of fellows who were not English had yachts; the English yachts were beaten by the *America*. Therefore, "yacht" is a French word. Q. E. D. This innocent archness and cunning simplicity of M. Daryl's does not, however, of course, prevent him from admitting, like an honest historian, that England taught all the world to *yak*, or from drawing a vast number of his illustrations and much of his letterpress from English sources. His book is a capital one, practical as well as handsome, and it may be hoped that it will spread in France the already considerable taste for one of the manliest and healthiest of amusements.

We should imagine that the mania for educating our mistresses has reached a higher pitch in England than in France; but no Englishman, to our knowledge, has thought of making a mighty gift-book like *Nos jeunes filles aux examens et à l'école* (Paris: Firmin-Didot), by M. Alexis Lemaître. The volume, however, is a most curious and interesting one. Some four hundred large pages of letterpress, containing a great deal of information about the ways of present feminine education in France, are illustrated by between forty and fifty large plates drawn, we should imagine, from nature. They depict girls sitting at little tables (for all the world as if they were in for "school" or "trips") answering in *visu voce* (it would appear that the French girl is more than three examiners not of her own sex are able to plough from morn to night, and so a Frau Assessorin is provided, perhaps to strengthen, perhaps to soften, perhaps to purify the tribunal), entering the halls of torture, leaving them, fixing their drawings, carrying about lay figures, playing with tuning-forks. After

which, we have a similar series devoted to the schools for very little girls, the whole forming a quaint and pleasing volume.

We do not think that *M. Badaud*, by George Vautier—the history of a tinned-provision merchant who became the saviour of his country, first by abolishing all taxes, and then by replacing them (Librairie de l'Art)—is a new book; indeed, we are pretty certain that we have noticed it before; but it is very amusing, and will, doubtless, find new readers this Christmas. *Les petits danseurs* (Heugel-Quantin) is a handsome album of dance tunes arranged for children's playing, and decorated with a title-page and cover in the well-known Kate-Greenaway-Gallicized manner.

The ingenious way in which Mme. de Witt handles the matter supplied by the chroniclers, and turns it into books for the young, is well known. The most recent example of her skill in this way—produced in a smallish quarto volume by the Ancienne Maison Quantin, plentifully illustrated by "Zier," who has the knack of a certain bastard-ancient manner (but surely young women in the fourteenth century did not dress and do their hair in a fashion quite so mistakable for that of the nineteenth as is the case with the two heroines here?)—is *Les bourgeois de Calais*, an immortal story which the envious tooth of historical criticism shall never damage. Probably in her interior forum Mme. de Witt would give us, not only audience, but gain of cause, if we suggested that (again in the fourteenth century) a citizen of Calais was exceedingly unlikely to entertain that pure patriotic affection for "France" as France which she here ascribes to him. He fought for his town like any other man of his time, and he was not likely to welcome the prospect of losing (even if he was suffered to remain in that town) the most profitable subject of his privateering or piracy—English trade. But this does not matter at all.

Physique populaire, par Emile Desbeaux (Marponet Flammarion), is one of those half-scientific, half-popular books of which the French are particularly fond. It abounds in the most careful diagrams of all sorts of scientific instruments, from the latest form of phonograph, telephone, telephote, microphone, and what not, back to old-fashioned telescopes, and the like, with very careful and useful descriptions in the text (generally showing that Frenchmen invented everything; but, again, no matter). And these it varies with large cuts—not unworthy of a penny illustrated paper—of Mr. Edison (in his early youth) being kicked (no doubt most deservedly) by the conductor of a train, of an impossible battalion of foot breaking a theatrical *pont d'Angers* forty years ago, of the population of Vervins seeing airy armies in the central blue during the battle of Waterloo, of a postman two hundred and forty years ago jogging along a wintry road.

Three books dealing with the arts of design may conveniently be noticed together. Two of them belong to the useful, if not always equal, *Artistes célèbres* series (Librairie de l'Art), and deal, the first with a group of Dutch painters—Van der Meer, Terburg, Hobbema, and Rembrandt; the other with four Frenchmen—Gros, Prud'hon, Delacroix, and Decamps. We believe, or, rather, are certain, that these are collections of previously issued single numbers devoted to the painters individually. Their abundance of illustrative example of an effective, if not extremely exquisite, kind is well known. The third volume, produced in a somewhat more costly manner, and illustrated with no less than 320 engravings, is the *Grands peintres* of MM. de Wyzewa and Perreau (Firmin-Didot), a somewhat curious collection of German, Spanish, and English art of all periods, with French art for the contemporary period only, and a sketch of Japanese. Books of this kind rest their appeal so much on the illustrations that eccentricity of composition hurts them very little, and no one but a very "pernickity" person need grumble at finding himself transferred from Dürer to Daumier or from Murillo and Velasquez to M. de Neuville. The examples could hardly be ill-selected, and they are fairly well rendered, considering the medium, which is wood. The sketch of English art is a little perfunctory; but that was perhaps to be expected, and it is something to find examples of Rossetti, of Mr. Watts, and of Sir Frederick Leighton. By the way, is not the statement that the qualities of Mr. Alma Tadema are rediscovered in Mr. Albert Moore rather an odd one? That the French think well of Mr. Moore we know, and it does them no discredit; but it is a curious light on the different way in which different peoples look at things that they should like him for qualities which they also discover in Mr. Tadema.

We have several large illustrated volumes of fiction before us. *Les aventures de Sidi Froussard* (Firmin-Didot) is a very large volume indeed, by M. George Le Faure, well illustrated by MM. Fau and Vallat, prefaced by the eminent M. Bonnetain, and dealing with the exploits of the French in Tonquin. A certain kind of absurdity peculiar to Frenchmen—let it not be for one moment supposed that we are unaware that there are plenty of kinds peculiar to Englishmen—has seldom recently been better displayed than by the *persona* of "Sir Archibald Cockney, correspondant militaire du *Dakota's Herald*." The sketches of localities and manners appear to be carefully done; there are good maps and even elaborate plans of the towns; the history is very likely correct, and the illustrations, which, as we have said, are good, are very numerous. We should have thought, indeed, that the form, both literary and material, was not the most suitable, but that is, no doubt, a merely foreign criticism. Few handsomer books of the kind—indeed, we think, none—have been produced this season. M. Meaulle's *Perdus dans une grande ville* (Tours: Mame) is another large illustrated story; something of the

kind which appears in French children's magazines. It is extremely well printed, and (in its style) well illustrated. Perhaps we are rather impolite in classing M. Romain d'Aurignac's *Trois ans chez les Argentins* (Plon) with these, for M. d'Aurignac assures us that his book is a strict and *véru* record of his experiences. In that case we can only say that these experiences were extremely "accidental," and that a hero of Captain Mayne Reid's could not have asked for more. He had the regulation difficulties with all the regulation birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles; he was lost on the Andes and in the forests; he rescued, or failed to rescue, unfortunate heroines; he was twice suspended from trees in the most uncomfortable attitudes by Indians; he fought and was foughten with all the proper weapons—rifles, revolvers, swords, daggers, lances, lassoes, arrows; he saw some people roasted alive, and expected the same fate; in short, there was in these three years "everything there ought to be and nothing that there oughtn't to." The book is very plentifully and, but for something of the fashionable smugness, rather unusually well illustrated.

The *réclame* of Colonel Gallieni's *Deux campagnes au Soudan Français* (Hachette) observes that "à la conduite si bruyante et si vaine des explorateurs américains on anglais nous aimons à opposer l'attitude si modeste, la conduite si digne," &c. Well, well; comparisons are odorous, and the *conduite* of the particular explorer here discreetly glanced at as *bruyante* enough, no doubt; while it is known that the Gallic cock *never* crows. Colonel Gallieni, however, does not need this rather invidious form of praise. A regular officer, with all the power of France at his back, he was, of course, in a far easier position than any amateur leader of volunteer or hired parties; but we admit, and have long known, that his *conduite* was excellent. Indeed the campaigns, some of which this very handsome volume relates, had a very principal influence in determining that extension of French rule between the Senegal and the Niger which induced Lord Salisbury to grant France so generous a "sphere" on the Niger itself the other day.

A considerable number of volumes of MM. Hachette's excellent *Bibliothèque des merveilles* (perhaps the best collection of popularized scientific information extant) is usually issued at Christmas. This year we have five:—M. Baille's *Production de l'électricité*, Dr. Foveau de Corneilles's *L'hypnotisme*, Dr. Verneau's *Stone Age*, M. Pettier's *Statuettes en terre cuite*, and M. Molinier's *L'émaillerie*. In the last two the illustrations are particularly attractive; the Hypnotism book has perhaps most of the rather illegitimate interest of "actuality," and the production of electricity has most to do with important scientific problems of the present and immediate future. But they are all good in their way, and their way is a well-proven one.

We have also before us the yearly volumes of MM. Hachette's excellent publications the *Tour du monde*, the *Journal de la jeunesse*, and a smaller magazine intended for still younger children, *Mon journal*. The two last-named ought to be much more widely taken in by English nurseries and school-rooms than they are, and as for the *Tour du monde*, you may certainly make that excursion without finding its equal in its own way. It always contains, in part or whole, work which appears independently, sooner or later, and of such there is here a shortened form of Mr. Stanley's book, Mlle. Bovet's *Trois mois en Irlande*, Colonel Gallieni's campaigns, as above noticed, Dr. Hocquard's *Tonkin*, together with some papers on Newfoundland, by a French naval officer, M. König, &c.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MY Friends at Sant' Ampelio, by J. A. Goodchild (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), embodies the reflections of a cultivated and poetic mind—reflections that assume a conversational form, though the interchange of thoughts on many interesting and attractive subjects seldom attains to that dramatic character which should vivify dialogue or imaginary converse. Dr. Goodchild's volume is made up of two strongly contrasted sections; the one bright, discursive, and recreative, the other being an essay or dissertation of a graver style and more restricted aim. The first part is familiar to us, and we are glad to meet it once more. It is a reprint of that very pleasant book, *Chats at Sant' Ampelio*, in which, somewhat after the example of Dr. Holmes, bright and light conversation is held at the Mediterranean watering-places on art and artists, poets and versers, egotists and epitaphs, and other inspiring matters, by the English Doctor, the Rhymer, the Socialist, the Chaplain, and the rest of the reflective Ampelians. On the whole, it is an agreeable party, and we like to read their "chats" reflectively, as though we listened merely, though we like them for quite another reason than that which induced the Quaker to set Shelley talking. It is of the second part of the book, "The Sage of Sant' Ampelio" that we can say, with that Quaker, of the author, that now and then he is "very deep." The Sage does not impose upon us as a dramatic personage, yet he serves well enough as the medium of the graver thoughts of the English Doctor. Though "The Coming of Mr. Logan" held us to a respectful and, indeed, an interested attitude, we must confess we did not weep when the inevitable "Passing of Mr. Logan" was consummated. Like other thinkers who give their thoughts shape, the Sage sometimes lapses from his rightful domination of Sant' Ampelio society into prosaic levels, not to say flats, which are absent from the conversational portion of the volume. But it is impossible to read "The College of St. Sophia" and fail to read his title clear. There is enough quaint-

ness and originality and quiet humour in that one discourse to justify warm commendation. Some of the verse in Dr. Goodchild's book, especially the delightful ballad, "The Trinity of Thakore," is excellent.

In the new volume of "Nature Series," *Are the Effects of Use and Disuse Inherited?* (Macmillan & Co.), Mr. William Platt Ball examines the evidence and arguments of Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer in favour of the inheritance of the effects of use and disuse, and marshals with excellent force the contrary conclusions of eminent biologists, such as Professor Weismann, and other authorities, who either deny that there is a law of use-inheritance, or who hold that the action of heredity in this connexion is extremely limited and capricious. Darwin himself, it is notorious, outlived to some extent his original belief in the inheritance of acquired habits, and it is only reasonable to suppose that, if his life had been spared till now, he would have still further modified his views on the subject.

Mr. W. E. Windus has written a sequel to his Manx drama, *Illiam Dhône*, under the title *Fenella*, printed like its companion for private circulation, and handsomely, in large-paper form. In this romantic play, composed in blank verse, the Countess of Derby, Peveril of the Peak, the mysterious Fenella, and other characters of Scott's story, are introduced and play their parts in a scheme of action which, if somewhat thin in effect, is lucid and simple. Revenge is the leading motive of the drama. Edward Christian, alias John Wilson, seeking vengeance upon Lady Derby for her execution of his brother, contrives to interest the Countess in Zara, his daughter, otherwise Fenella, whom he instructs to act as if dumb and deaf, and a spy upon the Derby household. His design to denounce her to the King is frustrated by a tragic accident, which is skilfully carried out by the dramatist. *Fenella* is an interesting work and carefully written; but the persons of the play, as is common to the poetic drama of the day, are too much addicted to what is commonly called "poetry." They all indulge in one and the same kind of poetic diction. Thus even the fisherman, in the opening scene, denotes the signs of the weather in a fanciful strain:—

Dost mark the sun, how watery and pale
It sinks behind the Keep, and how the clouds
Stream out across the sky in flaky streaks,
Like the fell arms of those huge cuttle fish—
Such as they tell us haunt the southern seas—
And how the sea mews wing their way to shore;

This is admirable description, but it scarcely represents the gossip of Peel fisher-folk in the seventeenth century.

Josiah Mason: a Biography, by John Thackeray Bunce (W. & R. Chambers), is a capital sketch of the life and work of the beneficent Birmingham manufacturer who founded the Mason College and numerous institutions of a philanthropic order. In addition to a full account of Sir Josiah Mason's admirable employment of the wealth he amassed, Mr. Bunce gives an excellent summary of the growth of penmaking and electro-plating in Birmingham.

It is hard to conceive there should still be many who believe in the Ossianic discoveries of James Macpherson. Mr. J. C. Roger, however, the author of *Celticism, a Myth*, attacks with abundant energy this well-threshed subject of the MSS. of Ossian, in a pamphlet—*Celtic MSS. in Connection with the Macpherson Fraud* (E. W. Allen)—in the course of which he does also review Professor Freeman's recent criticism of M. du Chailu's book on the Viking age.

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's notable contribution to the *Contemporary Review* on the life and character of Cardinal Newman appears in book form, much amplified, with facsimile of autograph, and an excellent portrait, under the title *John Henry Newman, the Founder of Modern Anglicanism, and a Cardinal of the Roman Church* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.).

From Mr. Elliot Stock we have received the third and final part of the *Index to the First Volume of the Gainford Parish Registers*, comprising the Burials, 1569-1784, recorded in alphabetical order of names. It is proposed to supplement the Index by the publication of complete copies of all the inscriptions in the church and churchyard.

The "occasional Poems" of Mr. Paul Elmer More—*Helena* (Putnam's Sons)—though shaped to various forms, have a sameness of sentiment and expression that justify the slimness of the poet's volume. What Mr. More writes in praise of fair Helena, shaping his fancies to dainty tripping metre, dignifies the trivial in hyperbolic fashion, as thus:—

Snow-white Helena, for the noon was thirsty,
Climbed with me to the fountain down the hill-side.
Silly Helena tossed her head to vex me,
Scorned the hand that I offered to assist her;
Soon, however, ah me to say it, slipping
Down she fell in the mire. Eheu the pity!

Much of this were tedious. But here is one of Mr. More's conceits:—

Tears are dropping from all the trees and house-tops;
Through the branches the winds go sighing, sighing,
Heu, heu, Helena! People say 'tis raining.

Ballerina, a Poem, and *Edelweiss, a Romance*, by B. D. (Gilbert & Field), are pretty conceptions, touched with poetic fancy. The romance, *Edelweiss*, with its vague melancholy and sentimental lyrics, is suggestive of the influence of Tieck.

The Christmas Number of *The Lady* is bright, not to say gay,

with pretty illustrations, attractive fashion plates, music, sketches, stories, and verse.

The Christmas Bookseller, full of specimen illustrations, is a useful key to the Christmas books of the season. Illustrated somewhat after the same style is *The American Bookseller* for Christmas.

Life has put forth an excellent Christmas Number, with charming pictures in colours.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have received new editions of *Sant' Ilario*, by F. Marion Crawford; *A Reputed Changeling*, by C. M. Yonge; *The Pleasures of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock; and Sir Morell Mackenzie's *Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*.

We have also received a second edition, with new introduction, of *The Two Kinds of Truth*, by T. E. S. T. (Fisher Unwin); Vol. IV. of Dr. A. Bellesheim's *History of the Catholic Church in Scotland* (Blackwood), translated by D. Oswald Hunter Blair, O.S.B.; *National Life and Thought* (Fisher Unwin), a volume of South Place Institute lectures, by various writers; *Travel Sketch*, by Thomas Sinclair (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *The Expositor*, vol. ii. fourth series (Hodder & Stoughton); *The Expositor's Bible*, "Ecclesiastes," by Samuel Cox, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton); *The Story of Eleanor Lambert*, Vol. II. of the "Pseudonym Library" (Fisher Unwin), and *The Future of Science*, translated from the French of Ernest Renan (Chapman & Hall), the original of which was noticed in the *Saturday Review* on its publication.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—MATINÉE To-day (Saturday) at 2, and every Friday night at 8. To-night (Saturday), the theatre will be closed. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Monday next, January 5, and all succeeding nights except Fridays, and except Saturday night, January 11. **MATINÉE**, Saturday, January 11, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, THE BELLS, Saturday night, January 11. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5, and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of WORKS by Old Masters and Deceased British Artists, including a Collection of Water-Colour Drawings, illustrating the Progress of the Art of Water Colour in England, will OPEN ON MONDAY next, January 5, 1891.—Admission, 1s. Catalogues, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

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